POEMATIA,

Latinè partim reddita,

Partim ſcripta:

A *V. BOURNE*,

Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienſes aliquando Socio.

Quintò Edita.

LONDINI:

Typis J. BETTENHAM. Sumptibus GULIELMI GINGER, ad Inſignia Collegii *Weſtmonaſterienſis* juxta Scholam Regiam.

MDCCLXIV.

G.R. III.

NOBILISSIMO PRINCIPI

THOMÆ

DUCI NOVOCASTRENSI

Otium hoc Poeticum,

Nullo potius

Quàm Condiſcipuli nomine

commendatum,

Humillimè offert & dedicat

VINCENTIUS BOURNE.

CORYDON QUERENS;

CARMEN PASTORALE.

COLIN's *Complaint.*

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Winds, that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

CORYDON Querens.

DEceptos Paſtor ſecum meditatus amores
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recenſebat falſæ perjuria Nymphæ,
Laſſatum ſalices ſuſtinuere caput.
Audierant Zephyri vocem gemituſque dolentis,
Et mœſtis venti congemuere ſonis:
Audierat Rivus; reſonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et queſtum ad queſtus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah miſerum *Corydonem!* & durum ante omnia fatum!
Triſtibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis;
Adſpexi vultum, lethoque (heu ſidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nuſquam tutus eram; *Daphnæ* mihi dulcis imago
Ridentis, dulcis ſermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, Quando
Tam ſuave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or, that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think, that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have ſkill to complain!
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around!
Ah, COLIN! *thy Hopes are in vain,*
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
Thy Falſe One inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.
Tho' through the wide World I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly:
'Twas her's to be falſe and to change;
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

Sæpe quidem dixi, Miſerebitur Illa; ſed unde
Tam noſtræ fieret ruſticitatis amans?
Unde Urbis Splendorem ea ſciret, opeſque ſuperbas
Sordibus exiguæ poſthabuiſſe caſæ?
Credebam tamen ignarus; rebarque quòd eſſet
Inter divitias invenienda fides:
Quòd craſſæ poſſent veſtes, victuſque placere
Ruſticus, atque humili ſub Lare caſtus Amor.

Quid mihi, Apollineâ cingar quòd tempora Lauro,
Et querulæ norîm tangere fila Lyræ?
Quid prodeſt, molles numeros ſiquando movebam,
Virgineæ circùm quòd maduêre genæ?
Ah, nihil eſt, CORYDON, Phœbi cur munera jactes!
Nec Lyra jam decori, nec tibi Laurus erit.
Eſt novus, eſt DAPHNÆ felicior Ignis; & illi
Dulcior eſt calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, Cômitum pars ô chariſſima, amici
Queis mecum luctus ſunt, ſociuſque dolor,
Parcite vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata ferendum,
Parcite vos DAPHNEN inſimulare doli.
Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
Me mea ſors, nullâ diſſocianda fugâ:
Quamvìs interear, DAPHNE mutabitur uſque;
Interear quamvìs, uſque fidelis ero.

If, while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down in my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While COLIN, *forgotten and gone,*
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

WILLIAM

Siquid adhuc poterunt molleſcere corda, nec omnis
Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor;
Agreſtes inter decoret mea funera Nymphas,
Membraque ſupremo det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat ſaltem, non multa roganti,
Nudaque Cupreſſi frondibus oſſa tegat;
Relliquias urnâ poſitas ubi viderit, Urna,
Relliquias fidi, dicat, Amantis habes.

Tum gemmis multoque nitens laſciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciiſque novis;
Perpetuum, nitidas inter nitidiſſima Nymphas,
Saltibus abſumat lætitiâque diem.
Longùm abes interea, CORYDON, longúmque licebit
Abſis; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt:
Ni tua fors, terræ immineat cùm pallida Luna,
Lurida vicinum tranſvolet Umbra nemus.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all were faſt a-ſleep,
In glided MARG'RET's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's Feet.

II.

Her Face was like the April-Morn,
Clad in a Wintry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her Lily-Hand,
That held the ſable Shrowd.

III. So

THYRSIS

ET

CHLOE.

I.

OMnia Nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et feſſos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cùm valvæ patuere, & greſſu illapſa ſilenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum ſtabat imago Chloes.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymoſi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque ſepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque Manus.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

IV.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

V.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

VI.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight-Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dark and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;

III.

Cúmque dies aberunt molles, & fæta juventus,
Gloria pallebit ſic, Cypariſſi, tua:
Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, Regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conſpiciendus Honos.

IV.

Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) naſcentis ad inſtar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et veneres riſere, & ſubrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima roſis.

V.

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
Et faciles riſus, & juvenile decus:
Et roſa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
Oſcula; præripuit mors properata CHLOEN.

VI.

Excute Te ſomnis; nocturno egreſſa ſepulchro,
Evocat infidum THYRSIDA fida CHLOE:
Tandem o! nunc tandem miſerere, audique puellam
Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.

VII.

Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit Hora,
Ut tumulis reſerent humida clauſtra ſuis;

Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, *of thy Fault,*
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

IX.

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

X.

How could you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

XI.

How could you ſay, my Lip was ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror Amantis:
Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.

VIII.

Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
Et revoca læsos in tua vota Deos:
Virgineamque fidem, juratasque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

IX.

In quâ defixus toties hærere solebas,
Quî faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Quî tenerum, & rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis discruciare modis;

X.

Promisso quianam, nimis ah! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?

XI.

Dicere cur poteras, Labium tibi suave rubescit;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? & ego, rudis, inscia Virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?

XII. Nulla

XII.

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
That Lip no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-Sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
'Till that last Morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come see, false Man! how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,
And shew her glitt'ring Head;
Pale WILLIAM *shook in every Limb,*
Then raving left his Bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where MARG'RET's *Body lay,*

And

XII.

Nulla mihi, heu! floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obſignatos tenebris, mihi clauſit ocellos;
Gratia deſertæ nec ſuper una genæ eſt.

XIII.

Germanus mihi Vermis edax, depaſcitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc eſt ſatiata fames:
Et gelidæ & longæ reſtant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, ſuprema, dies.

XIV.

Sed cantu, audiſtin'? monuit me Gallus abire;
Thyrsi, vale; longùm, perfide Thyrsi, vale,
Viſe tamen, tumulo quàm ſit defoſſa profundo,
Quæ miſerum urgebat funus amore Tuî.

XV.

Jam volucres cecinere, & feſtinavit ab Ortu,
Purpureo riſu, Sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obſtupuit Thyrsis, tremuluſque cubili
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conſcius!) exiliit.

XVI.

Fatalem ad tumulum curſu contendit anhelus,
Quà jacuit gelidâ morte ſoluta Chloe;

Ceſpiteque

And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrapt her Breathleſs Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARG'RET's *Name,*
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And word ſpake never more.

Cespiteque in viridi, qui subtùs flebile texit
Corpus, se mœstum projiciebat onus.

XVII.

Terque CHLOEN gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum:
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

LECTORIS.

HABES in manu, Erudite Lector, Cantiunculam, nec Amatorum Suſpiriis, nec Compotorum refertam vociferationibus; ſed gravitate & leporibus tam ex æquo temperatam, tam procul à ſenili remotam moroſitate, & ab ineptiis puerilibus tam abhorrentem & alienam, ut Juvenes exinde quod præcipiat; &, quòd delectet, excerpant Seniores.

Materies hujuſce Poematis ea humanæ felicitatis complectitur argumenta, ad quæ noſtra omnium, ætate ſaltem provectiorum, contendunt Vota. Nihil magnificum, nihil ſumptuoſum, nihil Homine prudente & bono indignum, præoptatur. Supervacua,

&

& ad veræ jucunditatem vitæ non facientia, repudiantur multa. Ea ſcilicet declinat noſter & averſatur Author, quæ vel Luxuries vitioſè, vel laſcivè Ignavia ſolet excogitare; ſatis beatus, ſi gaudiis, quæ ſperando conceperit, nihil intervenerit Curarum aut Ægritudinis.

Sperantibus, quoad licita & innocua, omnia ſunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro ſunt Voluptates, optando facimus præſentiores, & conſpectui propiùs admovemus. Contemplatio eſt quoddam fruendi genus; & expectatio deliciarum, abſentiæ quodammodo eſt ſolatium. Itaque æquiſſimo jure licebit Voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali, quod venientia ſenectutis incommoda, ſi non tota repellere & remorari, diminuere certè poteſt & delinire.

Diu Anglicis Lectoribus placuit, diuque, ut auguramur, placebit celebratum hoc Opuſculum: & ſperavimus Authori noſtro non injurium fore, ſi Latinè etiam legendum

dum exhiberemus. Id certè optavimus, ut iterum Exteris, apud quos peregrinatus eſt, quantum per nos poſſet, vetus innoteſceret Hoſpes; & Famâ, quâ ſemel floruit, de novo aliquantulum reviviſceret. De nobis nihil auſi polliceri, Tuæ, Lector, Benevolentiæ acceptum referemus, ſi Romanis auribus non prodeat omnino indignus; ſi Italis, quibuſcum ei docta interceſſit Conſuetudo, non multo ingratior, in hac etiam Verſione, quàm ſuis eſt in Linguâ Vernaculâ popularibus.

Ex promiſſo, Annotationes ipſius Authoris ſubjecimus pauculas; cæteris eo conſilio omiſſis, ne nimii videremur, in re non prorſus neceſſariâ. Hoc unicum exorandus reſtas, Amice Lector, ut ſi quid in transferendo hoc Carmine interpres vel lubens (quod rariùs fit) addiderit aut variaverit, vel Genio Linguarum aut Idiomatum coactus diverſitate prætermiſerit, & excuſandi & condonandi detur locus; qui citiùs forſan dabitur, ſi Te præfando non ultra detineamus. Vive & bene Vale.

THE

THE AUTHOR's PROLOGUE TO THE WISH.

QUID dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens Liquorem? *Hor. Ode* 31. *Lib.* I.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia Rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, Rugoſus frigore Pagus,
Quid ſentire putas? Quid credis, Amice, precari?
Id. Ep. 18. *Lib.* I.

That is,

When Poets, off'ring at Apollo's *Shrine,*
Out of the ſacred Goblets pour new Wine;
What do they wiſh? what do they then deſire?

When I'm at Epſom, *or on* Banſtead-*Down,*
Free from the Wine, and Smoke, and Noiſe o'th' Town,
When I thoſe Waters drink, and breathe that Air;
What are my Thoughts? what's my continual Prayer?

The

The WISH.

I.

IF I live to be Old, for I find I go[a] *down,*
Let this be my Fate, In a Country[b] *Town,*
May I have a warm House, with a[c] *Stone at the Gate,*
And a[d] *cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.*

CHORUS.

May I govern my[e] *Passion with an absolute Sway,*
And grow[f] *wiser and better, as my Strength wears away;*
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

II. *May*

---

[a] Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti. *Hor.*
Ocyor Cervis, & agente Ventos,
Ocyor Euro. *Idem.*
Ocyor & Cœli flammis, & Tigride fœtâ. *Lucan.*

[b] O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc Veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? *Hor.*

VOTUM.

I.

SI Senii deſcendam, & cœpi vergere, ad annos,
Rure mihi exigui ſint, tepidique Lares;
Præ foribus ſit ſcamnum, & ſit non ſordida Virgo,
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva manu.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio ſubigam, prudentior uſu,
Ut carptim attenuor, Rex Dominuſque Meî.
Nec Podagræ, nec Lithiaſis cruciatibus urar;
Sed ſenſim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

II. Ad

---

[c] *By the Help whereof I may mount my eaſy Pad Nag, mentioned in the third Stanza; in the Weſt of* England, *they call it an* Upping-Stock.

[d] Quæ non offendat ſordibus. *Hor.*

[e] —— Animum rege, qui, niſi paret,
Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenis. *Id.*

[f] Lenior & melior fiam, accedente ſenectâ. *Id.*

II.

May my [g] *little Houſe ſtand on the* [h] *Side of a Hill,*
With an eaſy Deſcent to a Mead and a [i] *Mill,*
That when I've a Mind I may hear my Boy read,
In the Mill, if it rains; if it's dry, in the Mead.
May I govern, &c.

III.

Near a ſhady [k] *Grove, and a murmuring Brook,*
With the Ocean at [l] *Diſtance, whereon I may look,*
With

---

[g] Parva, ſed apta, Domus.

[h] *Neither on the Top nor the Bottom; the beſt ſituation for a Houſe or a City, affording both Conveniency of Cellars, and a Deſcent to take off the Waters.*

[i] *It will be thought the Old Man has made a very ill Choice of a Mill to hear his Boy read in; but they who make this Objection, either know not, or at leaſt do not conſider, that Noiſe helps Deafneſs, which is incident to Old Age. That this is a Truth, both Experience and Reaſon evidence.*

I have known ſeveral who could hear little or nothing in their Chambers; but when they were in a Coach rattling upon the Stones, heard very well. I alſo knew a Lady in Eſſex, *whoſe Name was* Tyrrel, *who, while ſhe had occaſion to diſcourſe, uſed to beat a great Drum, without which ſhe could not hear at all; the Reaſon whereof is this, The moſt frequent Cauſe of Deafneſs is the Relaxation of the* Tympanum

II.

Ad declive jugum, placidoque quod imminet amni,
Quà mola, quà pratum eſt, ſtet mea parva domus:
Ut ſit, ubi aſſideam Lectori Auditor alumno,
Si ſudus, vel ſi Jupiter udus erit.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

III.

Quà Nemus umbroſum, & ſalientis murmura rivi,
Eſto in conſpectu, ſed procul eſto, Mare.

Planities

---

or Drum of the Ear, which, by this violent and continual Agitation of the Air, is extended, and made more Tight and Springy, and better reflects Sounds, like a Drum new-brac'd.

[k] Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. *Hor.*
Et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons. *Id.*
Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracum, neque purior ambiat Hebrus. *Id.*
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ;——
Fonteſque lymphis obſtrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves. *Id.*
—Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum. *Id.*
Levis crepante lymphâ deſilit pede. *Id.*
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ deſiliunt. *Id.*
[l] Neptunum procul à terris ſpectare furentem. *Id.*

With a ſpacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern &c.

IV.

With Horace *and* [m] Petrarch, *and Two or Three more*
Of the beſt Wits, that reign'd in the Ages before;
With roaſt [n] *Mutton, rather than Ven'ſon or Teal,*
And [o] *clean, tho' coarſe, Linen at every Meal.*
May I govern &c.

V. *With*

——Jactantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ, magnum alterius ſpectare laborem,
——Tuâ ſine parte pericli:
Non quia vexari quenquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere dulce eſt.
Lucr.

[m] *A famous* Italian *Poet, who flouriſhed in the thirteenth Century; he was one of the firſt Reſtorers of Learning. The Author of this Wiſh has begun to write his Life, and deſigns (God willing) in a ſhort time to publiſh it.*

[n] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum
Afferat; imprimis valeas bene, nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. At ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris Elixa, ſimul conchylia Turdis:

Planities juxtà, ſine foſſâ aut ſepe, mihique
Porrectam & manno det ſpatioſa viam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

IV.

Flaccus, Petrarcha, & veterum liber unus & alter
Adſint, ingenii quos celebravit honor.
Commendet dapibus melior, potiorque ferinâ,
Fercula ſimplicitas munditiæque mea.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

V. Sab.

Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita: vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ deſurgat dubiâ; quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ. *Hor.*
——Ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non & Cantharus & Lanx
Oſtendat tibi te. *Id.*
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ. *Id.*
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ. *Id.*
Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit: ego, utrùm
Nave ferar magnâ, an parvâ, ferar unus & idem. *Id.*

V.

With a [p] *Pudding on* Sundays, *with ſtout humming Liquor,*
And Remnants of Latin *to welcome the Vicar,*
With [q] Monte-Fiaſcone, *or* [r] Burgundy *Wine,*
To drink the [s] *King's Health as oft as I dine.*
May I govern &c.

VI. *May*

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[p] *Though the Poet never eats any, he provides this Diſh for his Gueſts; but principally in obſervance of the old* Engliſh *Cuſtom, to let no* Sunday *paſs without a Pudding. From this, and many Paſſages before, it is evident that he is a very ſuperſtitious Fellow.*

[q] *A Town in* Tuſcany *celebrated for good Wine, and the Epitaph of a* Dutch *Man buried there; all the Books which treat of travelling through* Italy *relate the Story at large. But ſince it may be new to ſome who ſhall read this, I will ſet it down in few Words; A* Dutch *Traveller with his Servant lighted at the Inn which lies out of the Town, and thence ſent his Servant into it to find out the beſt Wine, ordering him to write* Eſt *upon the Door of the Houſe wherein he found good Wine; where he found better,* Eſt, Eſt; *where the beſt,* Eſt, Eſt, Eſt; *The Servant obeyed his Commands punctually. The Maſter follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this laſt Inſcription; and drank ſo much, that it caſt him into a Fever whereof he died. His Servant buried him in the*

V.

Sabbata diſtinguat fartum, conviva Sacerdos,
Docti ſermones, interiorque Cadus.
Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi Anecdota deſint,
Quæ Regi, quoties prandeo, ſacra bibam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VI. Purpura

Church, ingraving upon his Tomb-Stone this Epitaph, which is ſtill to be ſeen there;

Eſt, Eſt, Eſt.
Propter nimium Eſt.
Jo. de Fuc. D. meus mortuus eſt.

[r] Beauln, *A Town in the Dukedom of* Burgundy, *famous for a magnificent Hoſpital, and the Excellency of its Wines, which are incomparably the beſt in* France, *if not in the World.*

Experto crede Roberto.
I do not ſpeak this by hear-ſay.

[s] Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
Te menſis adhibet Deum.
Te multâ prece, te proſequitur mero
Diffuſo pateris, & Laribus tuum
Miſcet nomen, utì Græcia Caſtoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas, ô utinam, Rex bone, ferias
Præſtes Heſperiæ, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi,
Cùm Sol oceano ſubeſt. *Hor.*

VI.

May my Wine be Vermilion, may my Malt-drink be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too ſtale:
In lieu of Deſerts, unwholſome and dear,
Let [t] Lodi *or* Parmeſan *bring up the Rear.*
May I govern &c.

VII.

Nor [u] *Tory, or Whig, Obſervator or Trimmer*
May I be, nor againſt the Law's Torrent a Swimmer.
May I mind what I ſpeak, what I write, and hear read,
And with Matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.
May I govern &c.

VIII.

Let the Gods, who diſpoſe of every King's Crown,
Whomſoever they pleaſe, ſet up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head,
Tho' I go without [w] *Claret that Night to my Bed.*
May I govern &c.

IX. *I'll*

---

[t] Laus Pompeii, *a wonderful fertile Town in the Dutchy of* Milan, *whoſe Cheeſe is of greater Fame than* Parmeſan.

[u] *Thoſe odious Names of Diſtinction kindled great*

VI.

Purpura ſit Baccho, Cereri ſit pallor; & ævo
Maturus juſto detur utrique ſapor.
Divite pro Victu, luxuque ſalubrior omni,
Caſeus eſto tuus, Parma, corona dapum.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VII.

Liber & immunis, nullis à partibus adſtem,
Nec Legum adversùs vim fluviumque natem;
Quid loquar, aut ſcribam, cautuſque & providus Author,
Ire ſinam regni res, velut ire volunt.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VIII.

Dî, quos imperium penes eſt, rerumque poteſtas,
Regna, quibus viſum eſt, dent, adimantque data.
Impoſitum capiti ſolvam non invidus aſſem,
Una licèt tubulo nox cyathoque caret.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

IX. Solvam

Animoſity and Strangeneſs, and even Hatred betwixt Relations and Friends.

[w] *If that ſhould happen, it would be a ſhrewd Affliction to the Poet.*

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, though [x] *that Tax ſhould appear*
As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year.
For why ſhould I let a ſeditious Word fall,
[y] *Since my Lands in* [z] Utopia *pay nothing at all?*
May I govern &c.

X.

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be ſo poor,
That the Rich without Shame cannot enter my Door;
[a] *May they court my Converſe, may they take much Delight*
My old Stories to hear in a Winter's long Night.
May I govern &c.

XI.

My ſmall ſtock of Wit may I not miſapply,
To flatter ill Men, be they never ſo high;
Nor miſpend the few Moments I ſteal from the Grave,
In fawning and cringing like a Dog or a Slave.
May I govern &c.

XII. *May*

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[x] *A Poll-Bill.*

[y] *A good Encouragement to pay for his Head.*

[z] *A Place in* Jupiter, *or the* Moon, *or ſome other of the Planets; for it is not to be found in the Map of the World.*

IX.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contrà muſſabo, tributa
Si poſcant Menſes Hebdomadeſque nova;
Cur etenim obmuſſans duram vocitavero legem,
Cùm fundi ſolvant nil mei in Utopiâ?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

X.

Non peto divitias; nec ſim tam ſordidè egenus,
Nauſeet ut dives tecta ſubire mea:
Quin mecum hiſtoriis ad largum circulus ignem
Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis amet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XI.

Regum ut laudator fiam, vitiiſque miniſter,
Ingenium nolim proſtituiſſe meum;
Nec, canis ut caudam ſubmittam & blandiar inſtar,
Perbreve, quod morti ſubtraho, tempus agam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XII. Ad

---

a ——Pauperemque dives
Me petit. *Hor.*
——————Aniles
Ex re fabellas. *Idem.*

XII.

May none whom I love, to ſo great [b] *Riches riſe,*
As to ſlight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends;
So Low or ſo High may none of them be, [deſpiſe;
As to move either Pity or Envy in me.
May I govern &c.

XIII.

A Friendſhip I wiſh for, but alas! 'tis in vain,
Jove's *Store-houſe is empty, and can't it ſupply,*
So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flatt'ry, or Woman, ſhould have Power to untye.
May I govern &c.

XIV.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a [c] *Whore,*
Still may I be Virtuous, though I am Poor;
My Life then as uſeleſs, may I freely reſign,
When no longer I reliſh true Wit and good Wine.
May I govern &c.

XV. *To*

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[b] *The* Spaniſh *Proverb ſays,*
Let not God make our Friends ſo rich, as to forget us.

[c] Fortuna, ſævo læta negotio,
Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.

XII.

Ad tantas nec ſurgat opes, quem diligo, quiſquam,
Neſciat ut notos, prætereatque videns;
Tam ſupra ſit nemo ſitus, tam nemo ſit infra,
Ut mihi vel Livor, vel ſiet inde Dolor.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIII.

Detur & oh! (ſi poſco quod æquum eſt poſcere) fidæ,
Nec tamen ingentis, cultus amicitiæ;
Cultus amicitiæ, quam tempora nulla valebunt,
Quam nullæ rerum diſſoluiſſe vices.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIV.

Sin Comites infidi, & ſit Fortuna proterva,
Salva mihi Virtus eſto, licebit inops.
Tum demùm videatur iners & inutilis ætas,
Cùm mihi nec vinum, nec ſapit ingenium.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XV. Nec

Laudo manentem; ſi celeres quatit
Pennas, reſigno quæ dedit, & meâ
Virtute me involvo——
——Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum ſtridore acuto
Suſtinet, hîc poſuiſſe gaudet. *Hor.*

XV.

To out-live my [d] *Senſes may it not be my Fate,*
To be Blind, to be Deaf, to know nothing at all;
But rather let Death come before 'tis ſo late,
And while there's ſome [e] *Sap in it, may my* [f] *Tree fall.*
May I govern &c.

XVI.

I hope I ſhall have no Occaſion to ſend
For Prieſts or Phyſicians, till I'm ſo near mine End,
[g] *That I have eat all my Bread, and drank my laſt Glaſs;*
[h] *Let them come then, and ſet their Seals to my Paſs.*
May I govern &c.

XVII. *With*

---

[d] *May I not loſe my Sight, my Hearing, and my Memory, and be a Burden to my Friends, and myſelf,* Telluris inutile Pondus, *a dead unuſeful Burden to the Ground.*

——Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet. *Ovid.*

[e] *If you tell an* Italian, *ſuch a one is a rich, or happy Man; he'll reply,* Dammi lo morto, *as much as to ſay, Let me ſee him dead, and then it will be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true Judgment is to be made.*

XV.

Nec miserè morbosum adeò delira senectus
Conterat, ut faciat me supersse mihi;
Morte minùs serâ potiùs mea concidat arbor,
Dum ramis aliquis succus & humor inest.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVI.

Nec priùs accersam Medicum, nec Pharmacopolam;
Quàm propè jam summum clauserit hora diem.
Totum ubi desumpsi panem, cyathumque supremum,
Tum mihi subsignent, ilicet, ire licet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVII. Forti

---

f *Some corporeal and intellectual Vigour.*

g *The Poet alludes to a Tradition among the* Turks, *who believe, that when any one is born into the World, there is such a Quantity of Meat and Drink set before him, which when he has consumed, he must die. The Moral whereof is, He that desires to live long, must be sparing in his Meat and Drink.*

h *That I may die regularly, observing all the Ceremonies, Formalities, and Punctualities:* A la Coûtume, *which is, according to our barbarous Translation,* To a Cow's Thumb.

XVII.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my laſt Day,
And when I am dead may the better Sort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mel-
He's gone, and not left behind him his Fellow. [*low,*
May I govern &c.

XVIII.

Without any [i] *Noiſe when I've paſs'd o'er the Stage,*
And decently acted what Part [k] *Fortune gave,*
And put off my [l] *Veſt in a* [m] *chearful old Age,*
May a few honeſt Fellows ſee me laid in my Grave.
May I govern &c.

XIX.

I care not, whether under a Turf or a Stone,
With any Inſcription upon it, or none:
If a thouſand Years hence, [n] Here lies *W. P.*
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern &c.

XX. *Yet*

---

[i] Secretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ. *Hor.*
Nec vixit malè, qui natus morienſque fefellit. *Id.*

[k] —Quem dederat curſum Fortuna, pĕregi. *Virg.*

[l] *My Garments of Fleſh, wherein I acted my Part on the Stage of the World; when the Farce is done, and the Curtain drawn.*

XVII.

Forti atque impavido ſuprema ubi venerit hora,
Hoc mihi qui dicat, ſit, repetatque Vale:
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut veſpere, nullum
Aut ſiccum aut madidum, POPE, videbo parem.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVIII.

Quam Fortuna dedit, Fabellâ ubi ritè peractâ
Exierim ſcenâ clam, ſtrepituque procul,
Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum veſte, ſenectam,
Pulvere me Comitum condat amica manus.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIX.

Me nil ſolicitat, ſaxone an ceſpite ſigner,
Nominet an tumulus me, ſileatne, meus.
Mille ubi tranſierint anni, quæ tanta ſequetur
Gloria, ſi forſan litera bina legar?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XX. Si

---

m ——————Precor integrâ
Cum mente nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem. *Hor.*

n *The Poet preſumes he ſhall have a very ſhort and modeſt Epitaph, if any; only the two firſt Letters of his Name.*

XX.

Yet one Wiſh I add, for the ſake of thoſe [o] *few*
Who in reading theſe Lines any Pleaſure ſhall take;
May I leave a good [p] *Fame, and a ſweet-ſmelling Name.*
AMEN. *Here an End of my* WISHES *I make.*

CHORUS.

May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better, as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Sweet

---

[o] ——Non, ut me miretur turba, laboro,
Contentus paucis Lectoribus.——

[p] Quæ poſt Fata venit Gloria, ſera venit. *Mart.*
Though Fame will not concern me, after I am dead,

XX.

Si tamen hos Verſus, ſiquem legiſſe juvabit,
Hoc addo optatis, & ſuperaddo nihil:
Dulcis honor Virtutum, & odoræ gratia Famæ,
Votique & Vitæ terminus eſto meæ.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio ſubigam, prudentior uſu,
Ut carptim attenuor, Rex Dominuſque Meî.
Nec Podagræ, nec Lithiaſis cruciatibus urar,
Sed ſenſim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

G U-

---

yet I wiſh for it, becauſe it will be a Pleaſure to my ſurviving Friends.

Si quos ſupereſſe volunt Dii. *Hor.*

If I do not (which has happened to many old Men) outlive all my Friends.

Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell

TO

Black-Ey'd SUSAN.

I.

ALL in the Downs *the Fleet was moor'd,*
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd SUSAN *came on Board;*
Oh! where ſhall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
Does my ſweet WILLIAM *ſail among the Crew?*

II.

WILLIAM, *who high upon the Yard,*
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below.
The Cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing Hands,
And (quick as Lightning) on the Deck he ſtands.

III. *So*

GULIELMUS

SUSANNÆ Valedicens.

I.

IN ſtatione fuit Claſſis, fuſiſque per auras
Ludere vexillis & fluitare dedit;
Cùm navem aſcendit SUSANNA; o dicite, Nautæ,
Noſtræ ubi deliciæ ſunt? ubi noſter amor?
Dicite Vos, animi fortes, ſed dicite verum,
Agminibus veſtris num GULIELMUS ineſt?

II.

Pendulus in ſummi GULIELMUS vertice mali
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infrà
Præmiſit gemitum, nec piger ipſe ſequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, & præpete labens
Deſcenſu, alati fulguris inſtar, adeſt.

III.

So the ſweet Lark, high poiſ'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt,
(If, chance, his Mate's ſhrill Note he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the Britiſh *Fleet,*
Might envy WILLIAM*'s Lips thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.*

IV.

O SUSAN, SUSAN, *lovely Dear!*
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling Tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye Winds; my Heart ſhall be
The faithful Compaſs, that ſtill points to Thee.

V.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee ſo,
For Thou art preſent, whereſoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far India*'s Coaſt we ſail,*
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Diamonds bright:

III.

Sic alto in cœlo tremulis ſe librat ut alis,
Si ſociæ accipiat forſan alauda ſonos,
Devolat extemplo; clauſiſque ad pectora pennis,
In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Baſia, quæ SUSANNA ſuo permiſit amanti,
Navarcha optârit maximus eſſe ſua.

IV.

Suave meum, & vitâ SUSANNA ô charior ipſâ,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, ſunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exoſculer illam:
Gratior ut reditu ſit, GULIELMUS abit.
Quò velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad Boream nautica vergit acus.

V.

Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio ſolicitare metu:
In quovis portu, ſed noli ô! credere, dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin ô! quin credas; quodcunque inviſero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præſens ignis & ardor eris.

VI.

Sive *Indus* gemmarum, eboris ſeu fertilis *Afer*,
Seu mihi viſendus dives odoris *Arabs*:

Eſſe

Thy Breath is Africk's *Spicy Gale;*
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object, that I view,
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charms of lovely SUE.

VII.

Though Battle call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty SUSAN *mourn;*
Though Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms
WILLIAM *ſhall to his Dear return;*
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould drop from SUSAN's *Eye.*

VIII.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay Aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his Head.
Her leſs'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her Lily-Hand.

Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
Quas ostentet *Arabs*, *Afer*, & *Indus*, opes.
Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, Tuî.

VII.

Nec, mea Lux, doleas; Patriæ si causa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellos,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

Solvere Naucleri jussit Vox ferrea Navem,
Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, Vale; & lachrymis simul oscula miscens,
Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita & tardè ad terram Susanna recedit,
Et niveâ repetit, Vive, Valeque, manu.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT Beauties does Flora *diſcloſe?*
How ſweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's, *ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,*
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor Tweed, *gliding gently through thoſe,*
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh;
The Black-bird, and ſweet-cooing Dove,
With Muſick inchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on Tweed,
And love, where the Feather'd Folks ſing.

How

TUEDA.

QUAS aperit Veneres! quàm *Flora* arridet amœnum,
Ad placidam *Tuedæ* lene fluentis aquam!
His tamen, his cunctis, formoſior una *Maria*,
Naturæ pariter vincit & Artis opes.
Non Roſa, non Violæ, non picto margine Bellis,
Totaque Luxuries, quâ variatur humus;
Non, quæ ſubrepens blando interlabitur agros
Flumine, tam ſuavi *Tueda* decore nitet.

Sylva choris avium reſonat vocalis; & omne
Virgultum harmoniâ fervet, & omne nemus.
Miſcent & Merulæ numeros, gemituſque Palumbes;
Deſuper aerios addit Alauda modos.
Vernantem in campum mecum deſcende, novique
Videris, ut ſurgat Primula, veris honos.
Dum populus circùm cantat pennatus, Amori
Quàm mecum ad *Tuedam* lenta vacare potes!

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does Mary *not tend a few Sheep?*
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's *Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt,*
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me, at Noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the Tweed?

Quo minuit ſtudio, quo longas decipit horas ?
Nonne aliquot teneras Lux mea ſervat oves ?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abſtrahit error,
Dum furtim ſomnus lumina claudit heræ ?
Murmure jucundo mollem ſuadere ſoporem
Si poſſit votis *Tueda* ſecunda meis ;
Ambroſiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
Lætuſque & tacitus, furripuiſſe velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus emicat Ignis,
Ut nuſquam formâ Nympha ſit ulla pari ;
Pluribus à pulchris, à mille & mille venuſtis,
Diſtinguunt Vitam Gratia multa meam.
Suaviolum, quin fare, meum ; Quæ paſcua malunt,
Aut ubi, ſub medio Sole, vagantur oves ?
Ad *Tavæ* errantes quæram ſinuoſa fluenta ?
Quæramve ad *Tuedæ* candidioris aquam ?

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does Mary *not tend a few Sheep?*
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's *Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt,*
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me, at Noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the Tweed?

Quo minuit ſtudio, quo longas decipit horas ?
Nonne aliquot teneras Lux mea ſervat oves ?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abſtrahit error,
Dum furtim ſomnus lumina claudit heræ ?
Murmure jucundo mollem ſuadere ſoporem
Si poſſit votis *Tueda* ſecunda meis ;
Ambroſiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
Lætuſque & tacitus, furripuiſſe velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus emicat Ignis,
Ut nuſquam formâ Nympha ſit ulla pari ;
Pluribus à pulchris, à mille & mille venuſtis,
Diſtinguunt Vitam Gratia multa meam.
Suaviolum, quin fare, meum ; Quæ paſcua malunt,
Aut ubi, ſub medio Sole, vagantur oves ?
Ad *Tavæ* errantes quæram ſinuoſa fluenta ?
Quæramve ad *Tuedæ* candidioris aquam ?

LUCY *and* COLIN.

I.

OF Leinſter, *fam'd for Maidens fair,*
Bright Lucy *was the Grace;*
Nor e'er did Liffy's *limpid Stream*
Reflect ſo fair a Face.
Till luckleſs Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her roſy Hue,
Her Coral Lips, and Damaſk Cheeks,
And Eyes of gloſſy Blue.

II.

Oh, have you ſeen a Lily pale,
When beating Rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming Maid,
Her Life now near it's End.
By Lucy *warn'd, of flattering Swains*
Take heed, ye eaſy Fair:

Of

LUCIA & CORYDON.

I.

QUAS, Venerum fœcunda parens, *Lageniæ* novit,
Lucia formarum Gloria, Floſque fuit:
Ora nec aſpectu tam læta & pulchra *Modoni*
Flumine de liquido pura reflexit aqua.
Sed Dolor, & Curæ, lætabile quicquid, edentes
Egregium ſenſim diminuêre decus;
Sed deceptus Amor carptim privavit ocellos
Gemmis, Curaliis labra, Roſiſque genas.

II.

Vidiſtin' (quin ſæpe vides!) ut languida marcent
Lilia, quæ ſubitæ prægravat imber aquæ?
Lento ſic periit tabo, ſic palluit illa,
Ad finem extremo jam properante die.
Hoc monitæ exemplo, blandos fallacis amantis,
Credula Vos Nymphæ corda, timete dolos:

Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flap'd his Wing.
Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
The ſolemn boding Sound,
And thus, in dying Words, beſpoke
The Virgins weeping round.

IV.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a Hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe Heart, and broken Vows,
In early Youth I die:
Am I to blame, becauſe his Bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

V.

Ah, Colin! *give not Her thy Vows,*
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-

Diſcite, vos juvenes, læſam quàm certa Deorum
Vindicta inſequitur, quàm gravis ira, fidem.

III.

Tinnitu ſonuit terno Campanula, cuncta
Nocte intempeſtâ cùm ſiluere loca.
Terque alâ increpitans cornix, roſtroque feneſtram
Pulſans, lethales edidit ore ſonos.
Accepit, novitque omen, bene conſcia virgo
Fati, feralis quod recinebat avis;
Et moriens Nymphis circùm lachrymantibus inſit,
Sic ſuper exequiis illachrymata ſuis.

IV.

Vocem ego, quam vobis non eſt audire, jubentem
Audio, maturem præcipitemque fugam.
Dextram ego, quam vobis non eſt ſpectare, vetantem
Specto, ne fingam quid mediterve moræ.
In primæ morior ſucciſa heu! flore juventæ,
Pectoris infidi capta puella dolo.
Idne æquum & fas eſt vitio mihi vertere, ſponſæ
Quòd minor eſt longè dos mea dote novæ?

V.

Vota mihi, Juvenis, ſoli mihi credita, nullâ
Oh! alienari conditione ſinas.
At neque tu, virgo, blandè nunc oſcula dantem,
Quòd tuus eſt hodie, dixeris eſſe tuum.

To-morrow in the Church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond Maid; and know, falſe Man,
That Lucy *will be there.*

VI.

There bear my Corſe, ye Comrades, bear,
The Bridegroom blith to meet;
He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
I in my Winding-Sheet.
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd;—her Corſe was born,
The Bridegroom blith to meet;
He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
She in her Winding-Sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's *Thoughts?*
How were thoſe Nuptials kept?
The Bridemen flock'd round Lucy *dead,*
And all the Village wept.
Compaſſion, Shame, Remorſe, Deſpair,
At once his Boſom ſwell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brows,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain Bride, (ah Bride no more!)
The vary'ng Crimſon fled;

When,

Jungere cras dextræ dextram properatis uterque,
Et tardè interea creditis ire diem.
Credula quin Virgo, Juvenis quin perfide, uterque
Scite, quòd & pacti *Lucia* teſtis erit.

VI.

Exangue oh ! illuc, comites, deferte cadaver,
Quà ſemel Oh ! iterum congrediamur, ait ;
Veſtibus ornatus ſponſalibus ille, caputque
Ipſa ſepulchrali vincta pedeſque ſtolâ.
Dixit, & occubuit—delatum exangue cadaver,
Quà ſemel in longum congrederentur, erat ;
Veſtibus ornatus ſponſalibus ille, caputque
Illa ſepulchrali vincta pedeſque ſtolâ.

VII.

Quo thalamos ritu credas celebrarier iſtos !
Ut *Corydon* animi diſcruciatus erat !
Lucia ubi exanimis jacuit, coïere juventus,
Et tota in fletus villa ſoluta fuit.
Extemplo juvenem pudor, ira, inſania, luctus
Diſtrahit, & furiis exagitatus amor ;
Pallidaque humectans gelidis ſudoribus ora,
Perfidiæ ingemuit conſcius, & cecidit.

VIII.

Conjugis à vultu, nec jam ultra conjugis, omnis
Purpura continuo fugit, & omnis honos :

When, ſtretch'd before her Rival's Corſe,
She ſaw her Huſband dead.
He to his Lucy's *new made Grave,*
Convey'd with trembling Swains,
One Mould with Her, beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at this Grave, the conſtant Hind
And plighted Maid are ſeen;
With Garlands gay, and True-Love Knots,
They deck the ſacred Green.
But Swain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember Colin's *dreadful Fate,*
And fear to meet him there.

Rivalem & ſponſum, extenſum cum corpore corpus,
Funera cùm vidit procubuiſſe duo.
Virginis ad tumulum deſertæ ille, oſſibus oſſa
Mixturus, juvenum lugubre fertur onus;
Idem nunc reſtat ſub eodem ceſpite pulvis,
Unaque cum Nymphâ contumulatur humus.

IX.

Sæpius hunc viſunt, qui numina juſta verentur;
Cum fidâ pariter virgine fidus amans.
Textilibus ſertis, vittiſque in mutua nexis,
Sæpius hunc ſignant condecorantque locum.
Sed quicunque fidem dederis, nec fœdere certo
Servatam, à ſacro ceſpite fiſte gradum.
Quod ſubiit *Corydon* fatum, memor eſto; nec illic
Te triſti occurſu terreat Umbra, cave.

ADVICE
TO
CHLOE.

I.

DEAR Chloe, *while thus beyond Meaſure,*
You treat me with Doubts and Diſdain,
You rob all your Youth of its Pleaſure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain.
Your Maxim, that Love is ſtill founded
On Charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

II.

The Love, that from Beauty is drawn,
By Kindneſs you ought to improve;
Soft Looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-ſhine of Love:
And though the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
We ne'er can forget it was Day.

III. *Old*

CHLOE

MONITA.

I.

DUM faſtu me, Chara *Chloe*, fas præter & æquum,
Subruis, & reficis ſpe, cruciaſque metu,
Deperdis, lætæ quod amœnum eſt omne juventæ;
Inque ſenectutem triſte reponis onus.
Forma brevis, dicis, flos eſt ætatis, Amorque
Rebus, quæ pereunt, ortus, & ipſe perit;
Hoc tibi perſuades: ſed re modo dicta probâris,
Quàm male perſuades, experiendo ſcies.

II.

Ut ſit perpetuus, formâ qui naſcitur, ut ſit
Mutuus, officiis creſcere debet Amor.
Sunt blandi riſus primordia Lucis; Amore,
Tum modo, cùm fruimur, fulget aperta Dies.
Si tibi nox tenebris illos obvelet ocellos,
Qui tam jucundum nunc rutilumque nitent;
Si totum eripiat cœlum caligine, *quanta*,
Dicemus memores, *Lux aliquando fuit!*

III. Darbæum

III.

Old Darby, *with* Joan *by his Side,*
You've often regarded with Wonder;
He's dropſical, She is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder.
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door;
And at Night, when old Darby's *Pot's out,*
His Joan *will not ſmoke a Whiff more.*

IV.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

V.

Theſe Traces for ever will laſt;
No Sickneſs or Time can remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
And Age brings the Winter of Love:
A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe;
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

III.

Darbæum en vetulum vetulâ cum conjuge! vitam
Quàm placide infirmum Par, & amanter agunt!
Blæſa Illa eſt oculis, & crura hydropicus Ille
Vix trahit; at letho majus abeſſe malum eſt.
Greſſibus invalidis conjux cum conjuge reptat;
Aut ſimul apricans conſidet ante fores;
Cùmque Ille extremum cyathi deſumpſerit hauſtum,
Deponit, certâ lege, *Joanna* tubum.

IV.

Cùm nulla utrivis, quicquid delinquit utervis,
Corporis excuſent ingeniive bona;
Quas eſſe aut Illi Veneres aut conjicis Illi?
Unde fit, alterius tam ſit ut alter amans?
Dulce recordari eſt actos feliciter annos,
Quàm ſenſim ad canam conſenuêre fidem;
Inde ſacrum fœdus, firmoque eſt copula nexu;
Quâ melius terris Dii tribuêre nihil.

V.

Longum illa, in longum, quæ nulla aboleverit ætas,
Nullaque morborum vis, monumenta manent:
Namque decor ſimul omnis abeſt & gratia formæ;
Fitque, quod ætatis reſtat, Amoris hyems;
Creſcit amicitiæ ſuavis reputantibus Uſus,
Quàm vel adhuc grati præterière dies.
Quæque retardari poſſunt per nulla Senectæ
Frigora, perpetuo gaudia ſonte fluunt.

The F L Y.

I.

Buſy, curious, thirſty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Could'ſt thou ſip, and ſip it up:
Make the moſt of Life you may,
Life is ſhort and wears away.

II.

Both alike, both thine and mine,
Haſten quick to their Decline;
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threeſcore:
Threeſcore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one.

MUSCA.

I.

POtare, Muſca, de meo aut quovis ſcypho
Vocata, non vocata, præſens advena,
Lubens libenſque curioſam exple ſitim,
Siccare totum ſi valebis poculum:
Ævi fugacis punctulum carpe, arripe;
Ævi, quod interire pergit indies.

II.

Utriuſque vita properat, & tua & mea,
Ad exitum curſu incitato vergere;
Æſtas tuæ, nec amplius ſpatium eſt meæ,
Ad bis tricenas uſque ſi redit vices:
Cùm præteribit bis tricena, ſicuti
Unius æſtatis videbitur fuga.

Ad

The Invitation to a

ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

I.

Domeſtick Bird, whom wintry Blaſts
To ſeek for humane Aid compell,
To me for Warmth and Shelter flie,
Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell:
Supplies, thy Hunger to relieve,
I'll daily at my Window lay,
Aſſur'd, that daily thoſe Supplies,
With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

II.

Soon as the new-returning Spring
Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,
Freely reviſit then the Scene,
Which Notes as ſweet as thine approves:
But if another Winter's Blaſt
Should bring me back my Gueſt again,
Again with Muſick come prepar'd
Thy friendly Hoſt to entertain.

III. *The*

Ad RUBECULAM, INVITATIO.

I.

HOſpes Avis, conviva domo gratiſſima cuivis,
Quam Bruma humanam quærere cogit opem,
Huc O! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
Confuge, & incolumis ſub Lare vive meo:
Unde tuam eſuriem releves, alimenta feneſtræ
Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies;
Uſu etenim edidici, quòd grato alimenta rependes
Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

II.

Vere novo, tepidæ ſpirant cum molliter auræ,
Et ſuus in quavis arbore vernat honos,
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, ſylvaſque reviſas,
Læta quibus reſonat Muſica parque tuæ:
Sin iterum, ſin forte iterum, inclementia brumæ
Ad mea dilectam tecta reducat avem,
Eſto, redux, grato memor eſto rependere cantu
Pabula, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

III. Vis

III.

The ſacred Pow'r of Harmony
In this its beſt Effect appears,
That Friendſhip in the ſtricteſt Bands
It both engages and endears.
In Muſick's raviſhing Delights
You feather'd Race with Men agree;
Of all the animated World
The only Harmoniſts are we.

III.

Vis hinc Harmoniæ, Numerorum hinc ſacra Poteſtas
Conſpicitur, nuſquam conſpicienda magis ;
Vincula quòd ſtabilis firmiſſima nectit Amoris,
Vincula vix longâ diſſocianda die.
Captat & incantat blando oblectamine Muſa
Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus ;
Nos Homines & Aves, quotcunque animalia vivunt,
Nos ſoli, Harmoniæ gens ſtudioſa ſumus.

The SNOW-DROP.

With Head reclin'd, the Snow-Drop see!
The First of Flora's *Progenie,*
In Virgin-Modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the Year!

Fearless of Winter, it defies
The Rigour of inclement Skies,
And early hastens forth to bring
The Tidings of approaching Spring.

Though simple in its Dress and plain,
It ushers in a beauteous Train;
And claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
The Merit of Precedencie.

All that the Gay or Sweet compose,
The Pink, the Violet and the Rose,
In fair Succession as they blow,
Their Glories to the Snow-Drop owe.

FLORÆ PRIMITIÆ.

VIrgineum caſto caput en! recline pudore
Floſculus oſtentat, de nive nomen habens!
Ecce! recens natum primus reſalutet ut annum,
Exerit e gelidâ ſe properanter humo!

Nec rigidi conterret eum inclementia cœli,
Frigida nec Boreæ vis, hyemiſque minæ;
Axe ſtatim verſo, quin protinus exit in auras,
Veris ut inſtantis nuncia læta ferat.

Nativo quamvis cultu candoreque ſimplex,
Pulchrum illâ inducit ſimplicitate chorum,
Nec totidem veneres inter, quotcunque ſequuntur,
Se primum dubitat promeruiſſe locum.

Quicquid enim tenerum ſpirant, vel amabile miſcent,
Lilia, vel violæ, purpureæque roſæ,
Quique aliis alii ſuccedunt floribus, omne
Ex uno excipiunt ſimplice flore decus.

AMOR

LOVE disarm'd.

By Mr. *PRIOR.*

BEneath a Myrtle's verdant Shade,
As Chloe *half asleep was laid,*
Cupid *perch'd lightly on her Breast,*
And in that Heav'n desir'd to rest:
Over her Paps his Wings he spread,
Between he found a downy Bed,
And nestled in his little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph surpriz'd,
Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd,
How she the Vagrant might inthrall;
And captive him, who captives all.
Her Boddice half-way she unlac'd:
About his Arms she slily cast
The silken Bond, and held him fast.

The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel Chain:
And thrice in vain he shook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the silken String.

Flut-

AMOR INERMIS.

QUA Myrtus ramis viridem contexuit umbram
Diffuſis, jacuit ſemiſupina Chloe.
Huc tacito acceſſit tendens veſtigia greſſu,
Et furtim in molli pectore ſedit Amor.
Expanſis mammas alis protexit, & intus
Intruſum occuluit parvulus Erro caput.

Ut Nympha excuſſit ſomnum, perterrita Numen
In tepido ſenſit delituiſſe ſinu.
At revocans animos, fraudem ſub pectore verſat,
Cætera qui fallit, fallere certa Deum.
Tum ſolvens Zonam, Pueri per brachia ducit,
Et teneras vincit callida Nympha manus.

Sopitum lædunt Divum nova vincula; Somne,
Non ita cum vinc'lis excutienda tuis;
Ter filum vano tentat diffringere niſu,
Ter fruſtra ad celerem tenditur ala fugam.

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, *generous Maid,*
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy Boſom loſt his Way:
Who ſtray'd, alas, but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid *flies;*
What are his Haunts, or which his Way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free;
For Harm was meant, and Harm to me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed! ſecure my Virgin Heart;
Inſtant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.

Et trepidam quatiens pennam, cum fletibus inquit,
Fortunæ ignoſcas, blanda Puella, meæ;
Ignoſcas, ſi cæcum, inquit, me devius error
Duxerit ad pectus, candida Virgo, tuum:
Devius error erat certè; namque heu bene nôram,
Quòd ſedes illic non habiturus eram.
Dimittas captivum, oro; qui nil tibi, Nympha, eſt
Molitus, certè nil tibi, Nympha, mali.

Nec ſcio, nec me ſcire juvat, cui rettulit illa,
Unde puer venias, quò fugiaſve vagus;
Non mihi, quæ latebræ, quæ ſint habitacula, curæ eſt,
Non mihi, quâ nectas in regione moram;
Et non dimittam; neque enim tibi credo; parabas
Nam certè inſidias, inſidiaſque mihi.

Virgineum quæ curæ urgent tibi pectus inanes!
Ipſe lubens arcus, & tibi tela dabo:
Captivo mihi, chara Chloe, ſi vincula ſolves,
Et me, quò libeat, rurſus abire ſines.

Virgineum defende meum de vulnere pectus,
Et mihi des arcus, & mihi tela lubens:
Captivo tibi, chare puer, tum vincula ſolvam,
Et te, quò libeat, rurſus abire ſinam.

Thus she the Captive did deliver;
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd, e'er since that Day,
Passes his Life in harmless Play;
Flies round, or sits upon her Breast,
A little, flutt'ring idle Guest.

E'er since that Day, the beauteous Maid,
Governs the World in Cupid's *Stead,*
Directs his Arrows, as she wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleasure, spares or kills.

CHLOE *Hunting.*

By the same Hand.

BEhind her Neck her comely Tresses ty'd,
Her Iv'ry Quiver graceful by her Side,
A Hunting Chloe *went: She lost her Way,*
And through the Woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo *passing by beheld the Maid;*
And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, *turn, he said;*

ncula ſic puero ſolvit Nympha, & ſua Nymphæ,
Vincula ſolventi, tradidit arma Puer.

Deus hinc luſu puerili exercet inermis,
Nec juvenes curat virgineoſque greges :
erdum ad pectus volitat, Nymphamque reviſit ;
Sed ſedet innocuum numen, & hoſpes iners.

nc arcus pharetramque gerens funeſtaque tela,
Pro libitu paſſim dirigit arma Chloe ;
o libitu parcit vel vulnerat ; Ipſa Cupido
Et ſimul in terris regnat, & Ipſa Venus.

CHLOE Venatrix.

Ortè Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Poſt collum, pharetrâque latus ſuccincta decorâ,
natrix ad ſylvam ibat ; cervumque ſecuta
pſum viſu, deſerta per avia tendit
erta. Errantem Nympham conſpexit Apollo,
converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, curſus ;

The hunted Hind lies close in yonder Brake.
Loud Cupid *laugh'd, to see the God's Mistake:*
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know thy Kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy Sister seek,
Or on Meander's *Banks, or* Latmus' *Peak.*
But in this Nymph, my Friend, my Sister know;
She draws my Arrows, and she bends my Bow.
Fair Thames *she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove*
Sacred to soft Recess, and gentle Love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, *hurl the pointed Spear*
At the rough Boar, or chace the flying Deer:
I, and my Chloe, *take a nobler Aim:*
At human Hearts we sling, nor ever miss the Game.

En ibi (monſtravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus dumo, latebriſque moratur in illis.
Improbus hæc audivit Amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, poterantne etiam tua Numina falli?
Hinc quæſo, bone Phœbe, tuam dignoſce ſororem,
Et meliùs venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longè
Mæandri ad ripas, aut ſummi in vertice Latmi,
Verſatur; noſtra eſt Soror hæc, noſtra, inquit, amica eſt:
Hæc noſtros promit calamos, arcumque ſonantem
Incurvat, Tamumque colens, placidoſque receſſus
Lucorum, quos alma quies ſacravit amori.
Ite per umbroſos ſaltus, luſtriſque vel aprum
Excutite horrentem ſetis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque Sororque Tua; & directo ſternite ferro:
Nobilior Labor, & Divis digniſſima cura,
Meque Chloenque manet; Nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus, nec inutile telum.

The GARLAND.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I choſe,
The Violet ſweet, and Lily fair,
The dappled Pink, and bluſhing Roſe,
To deck my charming Chloe's *Hair.*

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs leſs blooming than her Face,
The Scent leſs fragrant than her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs ſhe wore along the Day;
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd ſaid,
That in her Hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native Bed.

IV. *Undreſt*

SERTUM.

I.

Elegi nemoris ſuave eſt quodcunque vel horti,
Liliaque, & Violas, virgineaſque Roſas;
quod Caryophyllis pulchrè variatur, ut eſſet,
Ornatum capiti texeret unde *Chloe*.

II.

la ſtatim in ſertum textos imponere flores
Dignata eſt pulchris, munere læta, comis.
t neque ſic poſitis, ſi virginis ora videres,
Gratia vel formæ par, vel odoris, erat.

III.

uæ primo induerat florum redimicula mane,
Geſſit per totum Nympha venuſta diem:
juvenes pariter, pariter dixêre puellæ,
Non in natali ſic nituiſſe ſolo.

IV.

Undreſt at Ev'ning, when ſhe found
Their Colours loſt, their Odours paſt,
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That Eye dropt Senſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's Tongue could ſpeak;
When from its Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, ſaid I, explain,
This Change of Humour, pr'ythee tell,
That falling Tear, what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd; and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely Moraliſt ſaid,
See, Friend, in ſome few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made!

IV.

Exuta ut flores ſenſit, quòd nulla colorum
Veſpere reſtaret gratia, nullus odor;
Palluit obtutu, gemuitque, oculoque pudicè
Demiſſo, ſertum dejiciebat humi.

V.

Ille, ſilens quamvis, muſâ facundior omni,
Index egregiæ mentis Ocellus erat;
Cùm furtim ex illo, gemmæ rutilantis ad inſtar,
Pulchram humectaret lucida Gutta genam.

VI.

Quod ſcivi, neſcivi; & cur, chariſſima Vita,
Oh! mea Lux, dixi, cur ea Gutta cadit?
Unde obiit Pallor vultus? fare, obſecro, fare,
Tam ſubito lapſu Gutta quid illa velit?

VII.

Ecce! unde! (ingemuitque ſimul, peramabile ridens)
Ecce! ait Interpres pulchra, ſit unde dolor!
Dona tua en quantum, paucis fugientibus horis,
Unica mutârit, tota nec illa, dies!

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming Pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At Noon both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at Ev'ning, pale and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor Stella *danc'd and ſung,*
The am'rous Youth around her bow'd;
At Night her fatal Knell was rung,
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her Shrowd.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd To Day,
Such I, alas! may be To Morrow;
Go, Damon, *bid thy Muſe diſplay*
The Juſtice of thy Chloe's *Sorrow.*

VIII.

Hei mihi! quod floret languetque ſuperbia *Maii*,
Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem.
Utraque mane vigens placidumque & dulce rubeſcit,
Utraque marceſcit veſpere, pallet, abit.

IX.

Cùm mane illuxit, multos *Stella* inter amantes,
Saltibus & cantu, Luſus Amorque fuit:
Veſpere pallentem conſpexi in frigore mortis,
Oſculaque exangui terque quaterque dedi.

X.

Triſte hodie & pallens quod cernitur illa, videbor
Cras iſtud forſan triſte cadaver ego.
, *Damon*, Muſamque jube deſcribere verſu,
Quàm juſto doleat veſtra dolore *Chloe*.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming Pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At Noon both flouriſh bright and gay,
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Cras iſtud forſan triſte cadaver ego.
, *Damon*, Muſamque jube deſcribere verſu,
Quàm juſto doleat veſtra dolore *Chloe*.

COROLLA.

I.

LILIA, adeſte,
Gloria vallis,
Candida caſtaque,
Sertaque nectite
Caſtæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ;

II.

Virgineæ Roſæ,
Quæ decus Hortũ
Suave rubeſcitis,
Ambroſioſque
Fuſiùs exha-
latis odores;

III. Vos

The WREATH.

Translated by Mr. D. Lewis.

I.

Sweet, lovely, chaſte,
Ye Lilies haſte,
That in the Vallies breathe:
To Phyllis *haſte,*
Sweet, lovely, chaſte,
For Phyllis *twine the Wreath.*

II.

Ye Roſes come,
With Virgin-Bloom,
The Pride of Gardens own'd;
That from your Bed
Diffuſive ſhed
Ambroſial Odours round.

III.

Vos Violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpura veris,
Naſcimini, ſub-
naſciminique,
Pulchræ, humileſque ;

IV.

Vos quoque, Floſculi,
Copia ruris,
Quâ variatur
Omnis agellus,
Quâ decoratur
Omne viretum ;

V.

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeſte,
Quas operoſæ
Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ :

VI.

Herbulæ, adeſte,
Vos quoque, Floſculi,

III.

Ye Violets too,
In Fields that grow,
And drink the vernal Dew;
That daſh the Woods,
The Meads, the Floods,
With Drops of purple Hue.

IV.

And all ye Flow'rs,
Whoſe wilder Stores
O'er Nature's Face are ſeen;
Whoſe various Dies
Promiſcuous riſe,
And paint th' enamel'd Green.

V.

Come, Herbs, all ye
That tempt the Bee
From Leaf to Leaf to roam;
Whoſe balmy Veins
Reward her Pains,
And ſend her loaded home.

VI.

All, all be join'd,
Of ev'ry Kind,

Flow'rs,

Et ſimul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores,
Milleque odores.

VII.

Sic redimite
Phyllida noſtram,
Ut neque Flora
Veſtra decentior,
Aut Dea ſit ju-
cundior aſpici.

VIII.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille poteſtis
Addere flores,
Addere floſculi.

IX.

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit & idem:

Flow'rs, Herbs; the ſweet, the gay;
Twiſt Arm in Arm,
Weave Charm with Charm,
To Phillis *haſte away.*

VII.

Come, and inveſt
Her ſnowy Breaſt,
Come, bind her flowing Hair;
Like Flora's *Dreſs*
Be Phyllis's;
Like Flora *ſhe is fair.*

VIII.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye Flow'rs,
Whate'er, ye Herbs, can give;
Nor ſhall your Aid
Long grace the Maid,
Nor have you long to live.

IX.

A little while
Your Glories ſmile,
A little, little reign;
The Sun that warms
Your opening Charms,
Oft ſees them cloſe again.

X.

Quoſve recludit
Forſan & alter, &
Alter ab altero,
Proximus, & qui
Naſcitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

XI.

Interit annus,
Et ſubit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus.

XII.

Sed floreſcere
Cernit eâdem
Phyllida formâ,
Quique recedit,
Quique ſupervenit,
Alter & alter.

XIII.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,

Nec

X.

Or if they ſtay
Another Day,
And yet another Sun;
Then comes a Blaze
Of fiercer Rays;
They wither and are gone.

XI.

A Year conſumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes Place:
Another new
Shall then enſue,
Another new, to paſs.

XII.

But, all the while,
Her Beauties ſmile,
And tempt the Lover's Care:
A Year conſumes,
Another comes;
And Phyllis *ſtill is fair.*

XIII.

To all one Date
Aſſigns not Fate,

Nec decet omnes
Una ſuperbia ;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, floſculi.

XIV.

Cedite, ſed ce-
dendo dierum
Quo fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite & annos
Ire, perire.

As plain, too plain, appears;
Your Glories live,
Days, four or five,
But hers as many Years.

XIV.

Yet, gentleſt Race,
Your fleeting Grace
To blooming Phyllis *lend:*
And, as you fade,
Remind the Maid,
That Years like Days muſt end.

MELISSA

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, eli
Menſæque conſortem & tori;
Benè moribus morata, quæ formâ place
Nec dote dotatur nimis.

Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
Se fingere & refingere;
Vultumve curioſa ſumit artifex
Ab hac, ab illâ Pyxide.

Nec diſlocandis & locandis crinibus,
Quos iterum & iterum diſlocet,
Abſumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
Decieſque figens & movens.

Nec exuendis induendis veſtibus,
Diverſa ter, ter diſcolor,
Jubar evehit cùm Phœbus, & cùm devehit,
Mutatur & mutabitur.

Nec viſitando pulſat has & has fores,
Ut portet importunum Ave,

Mea

MELISSA.

Tranſlated by Mr. S. WESLEY.

IF, Friend, a Wife you mean to wed,
Worthy of your Board and Bed,
That ſhe be virtuous, be your Care,
Not too rich, and not too fair:
One who nor labours to diſplay
New Complexions ev'ry Day,
Nor ſtudying artificial Grace,
Out of Boxes culls a Face.
Nor live-long Hours for Dreſſing ſpares,
Placing to diſplace her Hairs,
And ſtraight replace; an idle Pin
Ten times ſhifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
Thrice her Silks, and Colours thrice:
Fond o'er and o'er her Suits to range,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill to change.
Nor gads to pay, with buſy Air,
Triſling Viſits here and there;

Meam inquietans & tuam viciniam
Ineptiis & otio.
Si fortè Spectatrix Theatris intereſt,
(Et intereſt rariſſima)
Illiberales neſcit infacetias,
Et non verecundos ſales
Audire patiens; omnis immodeſtiæ
Peroſa turpitudinem;
Sensûsque dubii & involuti ambagibus
Impura nauſeat abdita.
Nec initiatur myſticis congreſſibus,
Noctiſque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Laſciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenuſtis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,
Tenebras ad uſque Solis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat ſoporibus;
Dulces diei & noctis invertens vices,
Rataſque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum Nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ ſinit,
Brevemque ſummam negligit.
Quos ire & interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans

Long rapping at each Door aloud,
Nuiſance to a Neighbourhood.
If e'er a Play ſhe deign to ſee,
(Very rarely ſhall it be)
She likes not Wit in Lewdneſs ſhown,
Jeſts ill-manner'd for a Clown;
But hears, with Ignorance or Rage,
Double Meanings of the Stage.
Her ſpotleſs Mind, the luſtful Tale
Nauſeates in the niceſt Veil.
She ne'er is found in Crowds unclean,
Entred Myſteries obſcene;
Nor ſeeks in Maſk, and antick Dreſs,
Unconfin'd Laſciviouſneſs:
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high,
Rattles the unlucky Die.
Till Sun-riſe reſtleſs Vigils keeps,
Light conſuming in her Sleeps;
Inverting Nature, turns with Play
Day to Night, and Night to Day.
This Round of Follies let her chooſe,
Flitting Life who likes to loſe,
And lets her quickly-ending Days
Paſs, and periſh, as they paſs.
The Time that vulgar Maids deſpiſe,
Careleſs, thoughtleſs, how it flies,

Vulgus puellarum, Meliſſa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Meliſsâ conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis Gratias,
Sacrumque Virtutum chorum.
Sine arte compta, & elegans ſine tædio,
Aderit Venuſtas; & Salus
Suo rubore roſea; & Innocentia
Cadente purior nive;
Aderit Amor, Riſus, Voluptas, Gaudium,
Et litium fugax Quies.
Aderit labella comprimens Taciturnitas,
Et fœderis ſervans Fides;
Et omnis eventûs memor Prudentia,
Diveſque rerum Induſtria:
Accedet his virtutibus pia Humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut ſuî.
Regina Gratiarum aderit Humanitas,
Perferre facilis & pati,
Humana ſi Natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit ſiquid parum:
Calumniantium ſuſurros improbans,
Pauciſque notam infamiam;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut Malignitas,
Inimicat urbes & domos.

Famulabitur

Meliſſa *wiſe, eſteems, and knows*
Well to uſe it, ere it goes.
If e'er Meliſſa *wed my Friend,*
With her ent'ring ſhall attend
Virtues and Graces by her Side,
Bride-Maids fit for ſuch a Bride:
Neat Beauty without Art diſplay'd,
Roſy Health with native Red;
With her bright Innocence ſhall go,
Purer than the falling Snow:
Quiet, that far from Quarrels flies;
Mirth and Pleaſure, Love and Joys:
Firm Faith, that plighted Promiſe keeps,
Silence watching o'er her Lips:
Prudence, that ponders all Events,
Wealth-increaſing Diligence:
Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To her ſelf, and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
Loveliеſt Grace! Humanity,
If erring Nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail:
Who hates low-whiſper'd Spite conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since Envy makes with rumour'd Lies
Friends and Brethren Enemies.

Famulabitur caſtùm intuens Modeſtia,
Et docta cultu Urbanitas ;
Et advenis præſens domi Hoſpitalitas,
Aperta vultus & manum.
His cum ſodalibus Meliſſa Gratiis
Ducetur ad tuam domum ;
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile eſt,
Et vera tecum particeps ;
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
Et conſulendo temperet ;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
Et quæ novis addat novas.
Irrupta copula hiſce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,
Validis ab annis ad ſenectam, ſi tuæ
Meliſſa ſit vitæ comes ;
Quam, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige,
Menſæque conſortem & tori.

Good-Breeding ſhall her Handmaid be,
Join'd with chaſt-look'd Modeſty;
While open Heart, and Hand, and Face,
Hoſpitality diſplays.
If e'er Meliſſa *grace your Home,*
Theſe Attendants with her come.
Whate'er can good or ill befall,
Faithful Partner ſhe of all.
Whoſe Wiſdom teaching well to bear,
Sooths the Bitterneſs of Care;
Whoſe Joy, if proſp'rous Fate you meet,
Adds new Sweetneſs to the Sweet.
Theſe Ties will nuptial Love engage,
Down from Youth to hoary Age,
If e'er Meliſſa, *lovely Spouſe!*
Life's Companion! crown your Vows.
Such, ſuch a Conſort chooſe to wed,
Worthy of your Board and Bed.

HYMN the FIRST.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Transported with the View I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

II.

O how shall Words with equal Warmth,
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd Breast!
But Thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest;
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.

IV. To

HYMNUS PRIMUS.

I.

CUM Miſericordias recolligo, Tua
Paterna quas, Jehova, cura contulit,
Suſpenſa cogitando, mens hæret mea,
Amorne major fiet an Admiratio.

II.

Quæ verba, quæ pietatis eloquentia
Ardore eodem gratias effabitur,
Quo pectus intus concipit! Sed gaudium,
Quod fervet intus, Tu legis, Tu intelligis.

III.

Tua cura, præſens ſemper et ſemper vigil,
Me conditum uteri vidit in ſilentio,
Eademque cura me ſecuta eſt provida,
Cùm matris ad mammam pependi infantulus.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear;
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd;
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd,
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran;
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Through hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way;
And through the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII. *When*

IV.

Quos edidit queſtus meæ imbecillitas
Infantiæ, Tua auris accepit ſtatim;
Cùm mens tenella, cogitare nec potis,
Colligere nondum noverat ſeſe in preces.

V.

Quæ nullus æquat computus, ſolamina
Tua adminiſtravit mihi indulgentia;
Infantulum cor antequam reſciverat,
A fonte quo profluxerint tot munera.

VI.

Cùm per juventæ lubricas decurrerem,
Incogitans, animique præceps, ſemitas,
Tua alma ſoſpitavit occulte manus,
Ævumque me provexit ad maturius.

VII.

Per multa mortis abditæ diſcrimina
Aperta eunti & tuta porrecta eſt via,
Vitiique blandimenta per fallacia,
Periculum præ cæteris ferentia.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear;
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

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Per multa mortis abditæ diſcrimina
Aperta eunti & tuta porrecta eſt via,
Vitiique blandimenta per fallacia,
Periculum præ cæteris ferentia.

VIII.

When worn with Sickneſs, oft haſt Thou
With Health renew'd my Face;
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliſs
Has made my Cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death, in diſtant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

XII. *When*

VIII.

Cùm morbi acutiore vi tabeſcerem,
Me ſanitate recreâſti ſæpius,
Et cùm gravarer crimine & doloribus,
Tua revocavit in ſalutem gratia.

IX.

Tuæ, Jehova, largitati debeo,
Quòd ſat ſuperque me beârit copia,
Eamque amicus copiam conſortio
Dulci quòd unus & quòd alter auxerit.

X.

Pretioſa mille dona de die in diem,
Et mille millies repoſcunt gratias,
Et inter illa dona cor lætabile,
Oblata quod pio accipit cum gaudio.

XI.

Vitæ per omne ſtadium, adultus & ſenex,
Benignitatem prædicando proſequar;
Amabilemque, hoc corpus exutus, Theſin
Redintegrabo ſæculorum in ſæcula.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more;
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raise!
But O! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy Praise.

HYMN the SECOND.

I.

HOW are thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II. *In*

XII.

Natura cùm ceſſet, nec ampliùs dies
Nocteſque per vices opera monſtrent Tua,
Memor uſque cor, quæ gratioſè feceris,
Fideliter revolvet & venerabitur.

XIII.

Millena millies per æva canticum
Movebo Tibi, Jehova, gratitudinis;
Sed, O! nimis, nimis eſt brevis, nec laudibus
Vel tota ſufficit Tuis Æternitas.

HYMNUS SECUNDUS.

I.

QUàm ſunt beati, qui, Jehova, Te colunt!
Quàm certa Tute es Te verentibus ſalus!
Æterna mens eos regit, dux & comes,
Et major omnibus Poteſtas adjuvat.

II.

In foreign Realms and Lands remote,
Supported by Thy Care;
Through burning Climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine *Hills it warm'd*
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene *Seas.*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended Deep
In all its Horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart,
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI. *Yet*

II.

In exteris regnis, lociſque diſſitis,
Vigilantiâ ſecurus & ſalvus Tuâ,
Cœli per ardentis peragrabam plagas,
Et inſalubrem ſanus hauriebam aëra.

III.

Tuus per omne vultus affulſit ſolum,
Solumque fecit omne mihi ut arriſerit;
Calore temperavit *Alpium* nives,
Tuſcique complanavit undas æquoris.

IV.

Recogita mecum, Anima mea, recogita,
Horrore quo perculſa, ponti videris
Imo ex ſinu profunditates erutas,
Monteſque fluctuum imminentes montibus!

V.

In ore quovis pallidus ſedit Stupor,
In corde quovis conſilî impotens Metus,
Cùm devolutus gurges intra gurgitem
Victam gubernatoris artem luſerit.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſet me free;
While in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on Thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirls we hung,
High on the broken Wave;
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to Thy Will;
The Sea, that roar'd at Thy Command,
At Thy Command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of Dangers, Fears and Deaths,
Thy Goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe Thee for Thy Mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

VI.

Sed ſalvum & illæſum inter hæc periculà
Paterna Tua me reddidit clementia,
Dum ſe recepit anima numen ad Tuum,
Confiſa humillimæ precum violentiæ.

VII.

Prærupto aquarum in monte cùm pependimus,
Cavaſque valles ardui deſpeximus,
Servare novi Te potentem maximè,
Nec ſupplices audire præſentem minùs.

VIII.

Procella ſiluit, dicto obediens Tuo
Ventus receſſit, reddita eſt tranquillitas;
Et æquor, imperante Te, quod ſæviit,
Idem illud, imperante Te, deſæviit.

IX.

In mille verſantem aſperis laboribus
Me protinus juvabit & ſolabitur
Suavis recenſio tot ante-munerum,
Humiliſque plurium & pia expectatio.

X.

My Life, if Thou preſerv'ſt my Life,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be;
And Death, if Death muſt be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to Thee.

HYMN the THIRD.

I.

WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I ſee my Maker Face to Face,
O! how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,
My Heart with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought.

III. *When*

X.

Mea vita, vitam ſi meam dignaberis
Servare, Tibi, Jehova, conſecrabitur;
Et mors, futura ſiquidem eſt mors portio,
Animam meam Tibi ſoli adunatam dabit.

HYMNUS TERTIUS.

I.

MOrtis reſuſcitatus à cubilibus,
Noxâ obvolutus totus & metu obrutus,
Coràm ubi Creatori meo obvius dabor,
Quis O! vidæbor! quo pudore contegar!

II.

Siquis remiſſioni adhuc reſtat locus,
Nec ſera, nimiùm ſera, pœnitentia eſt;
Labaſcit horrore anima, & in ſeſe fugit,
Et cogitando prægravata contremit.

III.

When Thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
In Majeſty ſevere!
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O! how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But Thou haſt told the troubled Soul,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endleſs Woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give theſe Sorrows Weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my Soul deſpair
Her Pardon to procure;
Who knows Thy only Son has dy'd,
To make that Pardon ſure.

III.

Cùm Te, Jehova, veſties terroribus,
Et, pro tribunali ſedens, ſcrutaberis
Omiſerit quæ quiſque, quæ commiſerit,
Quis O! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

IV.

Menti ſed ægræ, criminum quam pœnitet,
Hujuſce Tu promiſſor es Solatii,
Quòd lachrymarum lenius piaculum
Pœnarum acerbiora deprecabitur.

V.

Si Gratiæ nondum oſtium præcluditur,
Perpende, Numen, quo dolore diſtrahor;
Et, quæ dolori pondus addant, reſpice
Quæ paſſus eſt pro me Redemptor vulnera.

VI.

Ille, Ille ſpes eſt ſolus & Fiducia,
Nec ulla deſperabitur Remiſſio,
Quam Filius dedit Tuus Salutifer,
Et proprio obſignavit emptam ſanguine.

AN

ODE

Taken from the

Beginning of the xixth PSALM.

I.

THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
The ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,
And nightly, to the liſtning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilſt all the Stars, that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,

O D E

Ex initio

PSALMI xix desumpta.

I.

EXpansa cælorum, profunda cærula,
Et arcuati quà patet spatium ætheris,
Convexa stellis plena, splendens fabrica,
Sui decoris indicant originem.
Lætus diurnum Sol iter decurrere,
Quis Ille fons declarat & lucis parens,
Et cuique terræ, quam revisit, nunciat
Quam sancta se potensque formârit manus.

II.

Absente Sole, cùm statim Vesper suas
Reducit umbras, Luna carmen excipit,
Et singulis, ut eunt, renarrat noctibus,
Sui quis Ille magnus Author Luminis.
Quod & Planetæ per vices, quod ignium
Pro se minorum totus affirmat chorus,

Confirm the Tidings, as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn Silence, all
Move round this dark terreſtrial Ball?
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amidſt their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine.

Et dum movetur quiſque certis legibus,
Utrumque veritate pervadit polum.

III.

Solenniore quamlibet ſilentio
Circum hunc opacum orbem feruntur omnia,
Nec ulla clarè vox ab extrà nec ſonus
Tot lucidos auditur inter ordines;
Auditur intus, quàm canoris vocibus,
Quibuſque cælum ferveat concentibus,
Ut hunc in hymnum concinat frequentia,
Divinus eſt, qui nos creavit, Artifex.

DEDICATION

Prefixed to

Tables of ancient Coins, Weights and Meaſures;

In the YEAR 1727.

By Mr. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT,

Student of *Chriſt-Church, Oxford.*

To the KING.

GREAT *Name, which in our Rolls recorded ſtands,*
Leads, Honours, and protects the learned Bands,
Accept this Offering, to thy Bounty due,
And Roman *Wealth in* Engliſh *Sterling view.*
Read here, how Britain, *once deſpis'd, can raiſe*
As ample Sums, as Rome *in* Cæſar's *Days;*

---

* The King's Name ſtands firſt in the Buttery-Book of *Chriſt-Church College.*

Pour

DEDICATIO
AD
REGEM;
In Ipſius gratiam
Latinè reddita.

AUguſtum Nomen, noſtro Qui primus in Albo
Præfulges, doctaſque auges, quas protegis, artes;
Externas digneris opes, veterumque Monetam,
Et *Romæ* Angliacâ librare numiſmata lance.
Hic lege, quas, olim neglecta, *Britannia* jactet,
Queis neque, devicti ſpoliis Orientis onuſta,
Roma recenſebat plures ſub CÆSARE gazas;
Quot campum agminibus ſtipet, quo fulmine, quantis
Per mare diffuſas claſſes terroribus armet,
Et Tua quàm latè pandat Vexilla per orbem.
Clauſa licèt terras ſpatiis brevioribus, udum,
Quà pontus patet uſque ambos porrectus ad *Indos*,

Pour forth as numerous Legions on the Plain,
And with more dreadful Navies awe the Main.
Tho' ſhorter Lines her fix'd Dominions bind,
Her floating Empire ſtretches unconfin'd.
From Thetis' *Stores, and not her Neighbour's Spoils,*
She draws her Treaſure, Fruit of honeſt Toils.
Rome *ſack'd, and plunder'd;* Britain *cloaths and feeds;*
Acquires their Riches, but ſupplies their Needs.
Sweet Seat of Freedom! be thy happier Doom,
To 'ſcape the Fate, as well as Guilt of Rome:
Where Riot, Offſpring of unwieldy Store,
Enerv'd thoſe Arms, that ſnatch'd the Spoil before;
With coſtly Cates ſhe ſtain'd her frugal Board,
Then with ill-gotten Gold ſhe bought a Lord.
Corruption, Diſcord, Luxury combin'd,
Down ſunk the far-fam'd Miſtreſs of Mankind.

Hear, righteous Prince! O hear us loud invoke
Thy Worth unblemiſh'd, to avert this Stroke:
Yourſelf ſo free from ev'ry lawleſs View,
You ſcarce admit the Homage that is due.
Let other Monarchs, with invaſive Bands,
Leſſen their People, and extend their Lands;
By gaſping Nations hated and obey'd,
Lords of the Deſerts, that their Sword has made;

For

Vendicat Imperium : Nec paſſim, ut *Roma*, rapinis
Omnia divexans, armis ſua furta tuetur,
Audax graſſatrix ; ſed cultu divitis arvi
Proventus, peregrino auro, telæque labores
Mutat lanificæ, veſtire & paſcere gentes
Læta magis, quàm vi nudare, & perdere ferro.

Eſto Tibi, O Libertatis pulcherrima ſedes,
Sors melior, neſcire & fata & crimina *Romæ*,
Cui ſtudioſa dapum inventrix, & prodiga menſæ
Luxuries, & Copia iners, viſuque Libido
Obſcœna, in tantum nervos animoſque reſolvit,
Degener ut prorſus morum, fœcundaque culpæ,
Servitii pretioſa emptrix, Plebemque Patreſque
Corrupta, & diſcors armis, & perdita luxu,
Corruerit Victrix Orbis, rerumque Potita.
O Pater! O Princeps! nec fruſtra aſſuete vocari :
Audi, obteſtamur Majeſtatemque Fidemque
Virtutemque Tuam, nobiſque averte malorum
Hanc faciem; Ipſe adeò procul Ambitionis ab œſtro,
Ut Tibi vix ſolvi meritos patiaris Honores.
Injuſtis alii Reges dominentur in armis,
Quos aut cædis amor, famæve inſana cupido
Imperii fines latè Signare ruinâ
Impulit, & vacui deſerta extendere regni :

For Thee kind Heav'n a nobler Task design'd,
To fix Thy Empire on Thy People's Mind:
High on Thy British *Throne, to mark from far,*
And calm the Billows of the rising War;
To smooth the Frowns on fair Europa's *Face,*
And force reluctant Nations to embrace.
As late the jarring Winds, with mingled Roar,
Struggled to wreck, yet wafted You to Shore:
So shall the Storm, that threats Your peaceful Land,
Roll harmless o'er, or burst, where You command.

Hæ Tibi ſunt artes, cælo O! chariſſime Princeps,
Excelſo à ſolio procul obſervare procellam
Naſcentem, & belli primos compeſcere fluctus;
Contractam terrore *Europæ* expandere frontem,
Ducere in amplexum populos, & fœdere gentes
Jungere, & in pacem luctantia cogere regna.
Utque Tuam adverſi nuper cùm murmure venti
Frangere pauliſper conati, egêre *Britannum*
Ad portum, & tuto poſuêre in littore Navem:
Sic quæ jam ſtragem intentat felicibus *Anglis*
Tempeſtas, ſævitque minis, Martemque laceſſit,
Te Medium belli paciſque ubi ſenſerit, ultro
Innocuos fluctus *Britonum* devolvet ab oris,
Et fruſtra inceptas ponet ſubmiſſior iras.

ANUS SÆCULARIS:

Quæ juſtam centum Annorum Ætatem, ipſo die Natali, explevit & clauſit, Anno 1728.

SIngularis Prodigium ô ſeneſtæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum ſeries in amplum
Definit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quàm diſpare computamus!
Quàm Tuâ à ſummâ procul eſt remota
Summula noſtra!

Pabulum nos luxurieſque lethi,
Nos, ſimul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos ſtatim à cunis cita deſtinamur
Præda ſepulchro.

Occulit

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut malè pertinacis
Semina morbi.

Sin brevem posset superare Vita
Terminum, quicquid supereſt, vacivum
Illud ignavis supereſt, & imbe-
cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi queſtus gemituſque anheli;
Ad parem creſcunt numerum dieſque
Atque dolores.

Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quiſque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioſo
Ad Tuum, fortaſſe Tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum:

At videt, mœſtum Tibi ſæpe viſum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, & inſo-
lentiam, quo ſemper eunt, eodem
Ire tenore.

Nil ineſt rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præſens videt, illud ipſum
Vidit elapſum priùs, & videbit
Omne futurum.

Temporum quicquid variatur, & quod
Uſpiam eſt nugarum & ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt & revolvi
Circulus ævi.

Integram Ætatem Tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis ſatis æſtimamus,
Si Tuam, ſaltem vacuam querelis,
Dimidiemus.

AD GRILLUM.

Anacreonticum.

I.

O Qui meæ culinæ
Argutulus Choraules,
Et Hoſpes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me ſalutes,
Et ipſe te rependam,
Et ipſe, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo muſâ.

II.

Dicêris innocenſque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut ſorices voraces,
Mureſve curioſi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domeſticorum,
Sed tutus in camini
Receſſibus, quiete
Contentus & calore.

III. Beatior

III.

Beatior Cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et ſaltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud ſecundæ,
Æſtatis eſt Choriſta:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per univerſum
Incontinenter annum.

IV.

Te nulla Lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox reviſit,
Non Muſicæ vacantem,
Curiſve non ſolutum:
Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo,
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos Homunciones
Abſumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

SOLITUDO REGIA,

Richmondienſis.

Siquis uſpiam angulus,
Vel in receſſu ſylvulæ vel horti
Solitudini vacet;
Sit, ô! ſit illic, hoſpitâ ſub umbrâ,
Grata Regibus Quies.
Sub hac parumper agmen Aulicorum
Uſque & uſque ſupplicum,
Sub hac moleſtas gratulationes
Confluentium undique
Refugerint: tum veriùs beati,
Quando tædium imperî
Semoverint, onuſque dignitatis.
Grande quid vel aureum
Conſpexeris? nec illud eſt, nec illud,
Principes quod augeat:
Prudentiâ ſed ritè temperatum
Pectus, & ſuî potens
Auguſta mens, felix, abunde felix,

In

In ſilentio caſæ.
Nec His, ſuperbi quos juvant tumultus,
Invidete cellulam:
Fruantur, æquum eſt, hac brevi quiete,
Otioque ſimplici,
Salute qui pro civium laborant.

HYMNUS PASCHALIS.

QUEM præferebas, horror ubi tuus,
O Orce, nondum funeribus ſatur?
Victoriæ, quas jactitabas,
O ubi ſunt, avidum Sepulchrum?

Mors & Sepulchrum, cedite; cedite,
Vinc'lis ſolutis; nam moritur modò,
Ut vincat, & victor reſurgit
Ad ſuperos Deus, ut triumphet.

Mutua Benevolentia primaria Lex Naturæ eſt.

PER Libyæ *Androcles* ſiccas errabat arenas,
Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul Herum.
Laſſato tandem, fractoque labore viarum,
Ad ſcopuli patuit cæca caverna latus.
Hanc ſubit; & placidæ dederat vix membra quieti,
Cùm ſubitò immanis rugit ad antra Leo:
Ille pedem attollens læſum, & miſerabile murmur
Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculſus novitate rei, incertuſque timore,
Vix tandem tremulas admovet Erro manus:
Et ſpinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere ſpina
Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit.
Continuò dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor;
Et coit, abſterſo ſanguine, rupta cutis.
Nunc iterum ſylvas dumoſque peragrat; & affert
Providus aſſiduas hoſpes ad antra dapes.
Juxtà epulis accumbit Homo conviva Leonis,
Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.

Quis

Quis tamen iſta ferat deſertæ tædia vitæ !
Vix furor ultoris triſtior eſſet Heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare peric'lis,
Et patrios ſtatuit rurſus adire Lares.
Traditur hîc, fera facturus ſpectacula plebi,
Accipit & miſerum triſtis Arena Reum.
Irruit è caveis fors idem impaſtus, & acer,
Et Medicum attonito ſuſpicit ore Leo ;
Suſpicit, & veterem agnoſcens vetus hoſpes amicum.
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
Quid verò perculſi animis ſtupuêre Quirites ?
Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides ?
Unius Naturæ opus eſt ; ea ſola furorem
Sumere quæ juſſit, ponere ſola jubet.

Cantabrigiæ, *in Comitiis prioribus*, $17\frac{16}{17}$.

AD

AD
DAVIDEM COOK
WESTMONASTERII
Cuſtodem Nocturnum & Vigilantiſſimum, Anno 1716.

INdicium qui ſæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris Ego-
Qui fauſtum & felix multum mihi mane precaris;
Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rurſus, ave.
Te neque dinumerat Gallus conſtantius horas,
Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
Cùm variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
Tu comite aſſuetum cùm cane carpis iter.
Nec te, quos ſeræ emittunt poſt vina popinæ,
Nec te, quos Lemures plurima vidit anus;
Nec te perterrent, nodoſo ſtipite fretum,
Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
Sed ſicui occurras, primâ qui portat ad urbem
Sub luce, exiguus quas dedit hortus opes,
Hunc placidis dictis, & voce affaris amicâ;
Utque dies fauſtâ luce, precaris, eat.

Tinnitu

Tinnitu adventum ſignans, oriantur an aſtra,
Narras, an purè lucida Luna micet.
Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
Tu gelidos inter ventos verſaris & imbres,
Cùm mala tempeſtas, & nigra ſævit hiems.
Seu te præſentem vicus, ſeu viculus, audit;
Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
Quid ſi, culta minùs, doctâ vacet arte Poeſis,
Si ſimplex verſus ſit, numerique rudes;
Invidiam Somnus (tanta Indulgentia Noctis)
Opprimit; & Livor, te recitante, ſilet.
Divorum hyberni menſes quotcunque celebrant,
Cuique locum & verſum dat tua Muſa ſuum:
Criſpino ante omnes; neque enim ſine carmine fas eſt
Nobile Sutorum præteriiſſe decus.
Nec tua te pietas fieri permiſerit unquam
Cæſaris immemorem Cæſareæque domûs.
Officio Dominos multo Dominaſque ſalutas;
Gratia nec fidæ ſedulitatis abeſt.
Multa docens juvenes, & pulchras multa puellas,
Utile tu pueris virginibuſque canis:
Conjugium felix monitis utentibus optas,
Cunctaque quæ caſtus gaudia lectus habet.
Tu monitor famulis ſexûs utriuſque benignus,
Munditias illis præcipis, hiſce fidem.

Omnibus

Omnibus at votis hoc oras, atque peroras,
Ut dominis cedant proſpera quæque tuis.
Unum hoc præ cunctis meminiſſe hortaris, ut imis
Summa etiam exæquet mortis amica manus.
Quid tibi pro totidem meritis ſperemus? amori
Quiſve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
Tuque tuuſque canis ſi nos viſetis, uterque
Grati eritis nobis, tuque tuuſque canis.
Mille domos adeas, & non ignobile munus
(Nulla minus ſolido) dent tibi mille domus;
Quemque bonum exoptas nobis, lætumque Decembrem,
Eſto tibi pariter lætus, & eſto bonus.

In Obitum Roussæi, Collegio Trinitatis servi à Cubiculis.

Anno 1721.

ALme *Charon*, (nam tandem omnes, qui nascimur & qui
Nascemur, tua nos Cymba aliquando manet,
Per ripas fer circùm oculos, omnesque recense
Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas;
Prospice, si crassam fors exploraveris Umbram,
Non est in toto crassior Umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, Animasque hinc inde minores
Turbantem, ut cubito pandat utroque viam.
Squalidus & pinguis totus, tibi Navita dextram
Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, *Roussæus* erat, nostri accola *Cami*;
Quem puerum novit, novit & Unda senem.
Navita non illo melior fuit; esset agenda
Seu remis, conto seu subigenda, ratis.
Nec quisquam ex humero contorsit rete sinistro,
Certius incautis piscibus exitium.

Quid tamen hæc memoro, *Camus* cùm perfidus idem
Rouſſæum inviſo merſerit amne ſuum!
Hunc noſtro ut reddas cælo, te carmine multo,
Alme *Charon*, *Grantæ* mœſta juventa petit.
Sin Parcæ prohibent, & inexorabilis Orci,
Quem petimus, reditum Lex inimica vetat:
Hoc ſaltem concede; admotâ ad littora cymbâ,
Per Stygium Nautam tranſvehe Nauta lacum.
Nec poſcas naulum; loculos nam vivus inanes
Geſſit, & haud obolum, quem tibi ſolvat, habet.
Quòd ſi tam crebras tranſmittere te piget umbras,
Et longum refugis, Portitor unus, opus:
Accipe diviſi ſocium comitemque laboris;
Diviſus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quòd (ut ſimiles eſtis) dubitabitur, utrum
Rouſſæus geminus ſit, geminuſve *Charon*.

EPITAPHIUM in Canem.

PAuperis hic Iri requieſco Lyciſcus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque ſenectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, ſolebat,
Prætenſo hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; ſed fila ſecutus,
Quæ dubios regerent paſſus, veſtigia tuta
Fixit inoffenſo greſſu; gelidumque ſedile
In nudo nactus ſaxo, quà prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miſeriſque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec fruſtra; obolum dedit alter & alter,
Queis corda & mentem indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui ſopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in Somnis; ad herilia juſſa
Aureſque atque animum arrectus, ſeu fruſtula amicè
Porrexit ſociaſque dapes, ſeu longa diei
Tædia perpeſſus, reditum ſub nocte parabat.

Hi

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata ſinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte Senectâ,
Quæ tandem obrepſit, veterique ſatellite cæcum
Orbavit Dominum: Priſci ſed gratia facti,
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de ceſpite fecit,
Etſi inopis, non ingratæ, munuſcula dextræ;
Carmine ſignavitque brevi, Dominumque Canemque
Quod memoret, fidumque Canem Dominumque benignum.

DENNERI * ANUS.

Doctum Anus artificem, juſtè celebrata, fatetur,
Denneri pinxit quam ſtudioſa manus.
Nec ſtupor eſt oculis, fronti nec ruga ſevera;
Flaccida nec ſulcis pendit utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, moroſum, aut triſte tabella;
Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ ſub margine cani,
Fila colorati qualia Seres habent.
Lanugo mentum, ſed quæ tenuiſſima, veſtit;
Molliſque, & qualis Perſica mala tegit.
Nulla vel è minimis fugiunt ſpiracula viſum;
At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit uſquam,
Quoſque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.
Adveniunt juvenes; &, Anus ſi poſſit amari,
Dennere, agnoſcunt hoc meruiſſe Tuam.

Adveniunt

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*Diu publico fuit ſpectaculo egregia hæc Tabula, in Areâ Palatinâ exteriori, juxta Fanum Weſtmonaſterienſe.

Adveniunt hilares Nymphæ; ſimilemque ſenectam,
Tam pulchram & placidam dent ſibi fata, rogant.
Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
Quòd nihil horrendum ridiculumve vident.
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipſa Senectus;
Quæ facit, ut Nymphis invideatur Anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cùm nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea ſuo!

AD

JOHANNEM PERKINS

Aſtrologum Cantabrigienſem.

LUSIT, amabiliter luſit Fortuna jocoſa,
Et tunc, ſiquando, tunc oculata fuit;
Cùm tibi, Johannes, * Newtoni ſternere lectum,
Cùm tibi Muſæum verrere Diva dedit.
Nam dum Ille intentus ſtudiis cœleſtibus hæſit,
Concipiens ambos mente capace polos;
Quantâ cum ſtellis ſtellæ, cumque orbibus orbes,
Harmoniâ ſervent, quoque tenore, vices:
Impete quo curſum acceleret per inane Cometes,
Urgeat ut rapidam præcipitetque fugam:
Hæc Ille expendens animo, dum Schemata docta
Format, & ad numeros grande reducit opus;

* *Iſaaci Newton*, Eq. Aur. cujus Fama longiori annotatione non eget.

Tu quoque cognatus ſtellis, Martique Jovique,
Mercurio & Veneri, non rudis hoſpes eras:
Tuque Genethliacas ſollers quadrare tabellas,
Felix natalis necne ſit hora, doces;
Quo junctum affectu fuerit cum ſidere ſidus,
Quo, legis, aſpectu res homineſque regat.
Tuque etiam, interpres fatorum, & nuncius aſtris,
Callidus æthereas es reſerare domos.
Quem meritis Fortuna tuis indulſit honorem,
O adeò illuſtri digne miniſter hero!
Quis non invideat frater tibi muneris illud?
Quis tua non laudet ſidera φιλομαθής?
Cùm Muſis Muſæ famulantur, & Artibus Artes,
Maiori (ut fas eſt) abſ[illegible] minori;
Nec melior lex eſt, nec convenientior æquo,
Quàm ſiet Aſtronomo ſervus ut Aſtrologus.

EPILOGUS ÆTHIOPISSÆ,

Ad Terentii Eunuchum.

OPprobrium in ſexûs, ſtatuâ taciturnior ipsâ;
Et pro Perſonâ Dramatis umbra fui.
Sic Author voluit, ſic Afræ haud candidus Afer;
Quàm non humanum! quàm populare parum!
Quin tandem adventum Vobis, feſtiva Corona,
Ipſa meis verbis gratulor, ore meo.
Spectatum venio: venioque, ut ſpectem & ſpia;
Eſt etiam in noſtro multa colore fides.
Eſt mea (ſiqua mihi eſt) ſine fuco, fraude, vel arte,
Neſcia mutari forma, ſuîque tenax.
Unguentis utor nullis, medicamine nullo;
Quid juvet, ignoro, Regia mellis aqua.
Nec maculis ſtellata hîc interſpergor & illic;
Non equidem nigrâ nigrior eſſe velim.
Lotio ſola mihi eſt de purâ & ſimplice lymphâ;
Et vereor, quàm ſit vanus & iſte labor.
At nivei mihi ſunt, pæti ſine pulvere, dentes;
Quale nec Indorum purius albet ebur.

Sideribus

Sideribus ſimiles fulgere videtis ocellos,
Angliacam poſſent qui decorâſſe nurum.
Mollitiem talpæ ſuperant mea labra: Quis, ecquis
Libabit——quàm ſint oſcula mollicula?
Hæc ego liberiùs; ſed ſalvo, ut ſpero, pudore:
Cernitis, ingenuus ſignat ut ora rubor!
Sin minùs oblectem, tot flammas inter & ignes;
(Uſque adeo eſt noſtræ Lux inimica cuti)
Si placet, extingui tantùm mandate lucernas;
Protinus in tenebris altera Thais ero.

Idem agit Idem.

FElicula ad ſpeculum ſaltu laſcivit herile,
Laſcivam ſaltu feliculamque videt.
Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naſo, bicolorem;
Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.
Et ſociam ad luſus lentæ incurvamine caudæ
Provocat, & lepidi mobilitate pedis.
Utraque utramque laceſſit, & utraque palpat utramque;
Et molle oppoſitos explicat unguiculos.
Jam tumet in tergum, & ſimulatas expuit iras;
Et tumet, & ſimiles expuit umbra minas.
Quænam hæc ſit, Mima unde ſui tam mimica, quærit
Felis, an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſiet.
Te quoque, præſentem præſens, quam quæris, & Illa
Quærit, an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſies.
Alterutra alterutram quæritque & decipit; idque
Feliculæ facitis, quod facis una, duæ.

Simile

Simile agit in Simile.

CRiſtatus, pictiſque ad Thaida Pſittacus alis,
Miſſus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
Archididaſcaliæ dat ſibi Thais opus.
Pſittace, ait Thais, fingitque ſonantia molle
Baſia, quæ docilis molle refingit Avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat Tyrunculus; & jam
Integrat auditos articulatque ſonos.
Pſittace mi pulcher pulchelle, Hera dicit alumno;
Pſittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus Heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, decieſque ægrotat in horâ,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque ſuo.
Multaque ſcurratur mendax, & multa jocatur,
Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudit Fratrem, qui ſuſpicit, & Pol!
Carnalis, quiſquis te docet, inquit, Homo eſt;
Argutæ nunc ſtridet anûs argutulus inſtar;
Reſpicit, & nebulo es, quiſquis es, inquit Anus.

Quando fuit melior Tyro, meliorve Magiſtra!
Quando duo ingeniis tam coïere pares!
Ardua diſcenti nulla eſt, res nulla docenti
Ardua; cùm doceat Fœmina, diſcat Avis.

Agens & Patiens ſunt ſimul.

DUxit Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera luna
Interiit, malè cùm ſe nova nupta tulit:
Os pallet, languent oculi, ſtomachoque ſit iſta
Nauſea, quæ gravidas denotat eſſe nurus.
Eſto fides dictis; eadem quoque Nauſea Aconti eſt,
Pallidus eſt pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.
Nutrix, ſedula Anus, fomenta utrique miniſtrat,
Cardiacum uxori, Cardiacumque viro.
Quis novus hic, Nutrix, morbus? ſocii unde dolores?
Quâve ſumus gravidi conditione viri?
Nutrix, callida Anus, fuit, inquit, utrique Voluptas;
Æqua ſatis Lex eſt, ut ſit utrique Dolor.

FANA-

FANATICUS.

COnſcendit primùm Tremulus cùm pulpita Frater,
Stat tacitus, multumque ſcreans, ut vocis apertum
Pandat iter, geminas, poſitis propè dactylothecis,
Ad cœlum attollit palmas; tum lumina claudens
Dat gemitum, ſecumque diu ſubmurmurat intus.
Vox tandem erumpit; deinde altera, & altera deinde:
At lento paſſu, gemitu priùs interjecto.
Mox animos ſenſim revocans, reſidemque furorem,
Vim dictis paulatim addit; jam ſubſilit, & jam
Stans pede ſuſpenſo, tentat quid poſſit anheli
Pulmonis, laterumque labor: per tempora rivis
It ſalſus ſudor; tandem Fanatica ſurgit
Tempeſtas, totaſque quatit clamoribus ædes.
Haud aliter leni nutantes flamine ramos
Inſurgens agitat Boreas, tremulaſque ſuſurrat
Per frondes; mox buccam utramque animoſior inflat,
Et validos quaſſat celſo cum vertice truncos:
Pòſt, ubi collectæ vires, majorque tumultus
Per totam auditur ſylvam, ab radicibus imis
Sternit humi antiquas quercus, rapidamque procellam
Agglomerat, latâque implet nemus omne ruinâ,

In Poſthumam Effigiem JOHANNIS FERMOR, Arm. Ad Præcepta Dom. *HENRICI FERMOR*, Baronetti, Summâ cum Fide delineatam.

DEfuncti Effigiem Fratris mandare tabellæ
Frater, & in vitam vult revocare novam.
Sed quænam abſentes vultus deſçribet arundo?
Quis referet ſuccis ora ſepulta labor?
Hæc ora, hos vultus memori ſub pectore Frater,
(Sume, Opifex, calamum) quos tibi dictet, habet.
Dictanti attentus Pictor, peramabile transfert
Paulatim, ex animo præcipientis, opus.
Jam propior ſimili propiorque alludere Forma
Incipit, & juſſas exprimit Umbra Notas;
Jam noti arrident vultus, & frontis apertæ
Candida ſimplicitas, & generoſa fides:
Jam coràm, & præſens, ipſiſſima vivit Imago;
Oh! quantum pietas ingenioſa poteſt!
Noli ultra ſævos, Mors ô, jactare triumphos;
Cætera qui vincit, Te quoque vincit Amor.

NOVARCA.

PAcis amans *Carolus* Regale excudit in auro
Votum, quàm populi ſit ſibi chara ſalus.
Omnia concordi ſpondet felicia regno,
Unitæ ut creſcant, & geminentur opes.
Fruſtra! inimica piis obſtat Diſcordia votis,
Irarum & multæ cladis iniqua parens.
Informis, pauper, lamellaque ahenea, rerum,
Indicat, ut facies mœſta ſit, ut ſit inops.
Pro *Caroli* titulis, pro vultu & imagine ſacrâ,
Unica ſtat mœſtis nuda *Novarca* notis.
Fatale exemplum! *Caroli* quod vota docere,
Anglia quod nequiit ſalva, *Novarca*, doces.

Ad

Ad Heemſkirkum.

FEſtivi ingenii multique, Heemſkirke, leporis!
Pictorum Princeps Batavorum! ut teque tuoſque
Mirari juvat, & riſu laudare labores!
Tu modo, tu veniam conanti indulſeris æquam,
Binas è multis, ſi fors imitamine poſſit,
Transferre in chartam tentat mea Muſa tabellas.
Prima caſam agreſtem, fixumque in pariete carmen
Deſcribit, ſolidoſque duos & quatuor aſſes,
Heſterni pretium potûs. Hîc civis obeſus
Spectatur Belga, à lepido cui vertice nutat
Pileus in lævam ſuſpenſus, & amphora totum.
Oſtendit nudata ſinum ventremque capacem.
Obtutu ſtupet ille inhians, vultuque fatente
Mœrorem, aut quaſſat caput, aut quaſſare videtur:
Fruſtra inhiat, fruſtra ſolitos deſiderat hauſtus!
Horrendum vacuum, atque ingens eſt intus inane.
Stat bonus à ſocii tergo compotor, & imum
Vas cautè explorat, tetroque inamabilis ore
Et vacuam deflet teſtam, vacuamque crumenam.
Scamno interpoſito binos habet altera nautas,
Pictis conantes chartis quid poſſit uterque.

Cernere

Cernere depoſitum eſt utriuſque in pignora nummos,
Vincenti pretium palmæ: Duadem alter, & alter
Fatalem oſtendit Triadem, palmamque requirit.
Ille indignatur vinci, morſuque labella
Compreſſans, horretque comis, menſæque ferocem
Impingit pugnum, damnans chartaſque Deoſque.
Improbus interea victor ſubridet ineptum,
Et miſerum illudit victum, fruiturque triumpho.
Innixus cubito, juxta caput interponit
Naris homo emunctæ, bene qui totam ſubolet rem,
Fortunæ calletque vices, vultuque loquaci
Sic triſtem hortatur ſocium; quando, inquit, amice,
Sese ita res habeat, fruſtra emendare querendo
Fortunam ſperas, inimicaque fata laceſſis:
Ira nocet nimiique animi, namque acriùs æquo
Adverſam Fortunam urges, nimioque furore
Spem luges deceptam: at tu, me judice, rebus
Nec dubiis diffide nimis, nec crede ſecundis.

HOBSONI Lex.

COmplures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobſonus alebat
In ſtabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos.
Hac lege, ut foribus ſtaret qui proximus, ille
Suſciperet primas, ſolus & ille, vices.
Aut hunc, aut nullum——ſua pars ſit cuique laboris;
Aut hunc, aut nullum——ſit ſua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda Togato;
Proximus hic foribus, proximus eſto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc uſque retenta eſt?
Tam bona cur unquam Lex abolenda fuit?
Hobſoni veterem normam revocare memento;
Tuque iterum Hobſoni, Granta, videbis equos.

EQUES ACADEMICUS.

CAlcarî inſtruitur Juvenis ; geminove vel uno,
Haud multùm, aut ocreis cujus, & unde, refert;
Fors fortaſſe ſuo, fortaſſe aliunde, flagello ;
Quantulacunque ſuî, pars tamen ipſe ſuî.
Sic rite armatus, quinis (& fortè minoris)
Conductum Solidis ſcandere geſtit equum.
Lætus & impavidus, quà fert fortuna (volantem
Cernite) quadrupedem pungit, & urget iter.
Admiſſo curſu, per rura, per oppida, fertur :
Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.
Jamque ferox plagis, erectâ ad verbera dextrâ,
Calce cruentato laſſat utrumque latus.
Impete ſed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
Millia propoſitæ ſexve, novemve, viæ ;
Viribus abſumptis, feſſuſque labore, Caballus
Sternit in immundum ſeque equitemque lutum.
Vectus iter peraget curru plauſtrove Viator ?
Proh pudor & facinus ! cogitur ire pedes.

Si,

Si, nec inexpertum, ſeniorem junior audîs,
Quæ ſint exiguæ commoda diſce moræ.
Quam tibî præcipio, brevis eſt, ſed regula certa:
Ocyùs ut poſſis pergere, lentus eas.

THRAX.

THreicium infantem, cùm lucem intravit & auras,
Fletibus excepit mœſtus uterque parens.
Threicium infantem, cùm luce exivit & auris,
Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea, tu Roma, & tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens,
Dicîtis, hæc vera eſt Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ cauſam, cauſamque exquirite luctûs;
Voſque eſt quod doceat Thraïca barbaries.

In Effigiem Dominæ
CATHARINÆ HYDE.

KNelleri egregios vidit Cytherea (*a*) labores,
Nympharum varios habitus, vultuſque venuſtos,
Quis frontis divinus honos, quæ gratia cuique
Diſſimilis, formæque ſuæ bene conſcia Diva,
(*b*) Sic ego (monſtravitque manu) ſic ora ferebam,
Inquit, in Idæo referens certamine pomum.
(*c*) Me mihi, ſi memini, talem pellucidus amnis,
Me talem exhibuit ſpeculum. (*d*) Sic me quoque pulchram,
Nativo exoriam nuctu cum pinxit, & udos
Siccantem in ripâ crines, deſcripſit Apelles;
Sic nivea ornârunt fuſi mea colla capilli.
(*e*) Ploravi viduata meum ſic, inquit, Adonin,
Et tales geſſi vultus mœrore decoros.
At cùm conſpexit *(f) Miram*, cui dulcis in ore
Majeſtas, blandiſque nitor ſuffuſus ocellis,
Conſtitit,

(*a*) Intellige Imagines quaſdam à *G. Kneller* Bar. depictas. (*b*) Hon. Dom. *Sherrard*. (*c*) Comitiſſam de *Sunderland*. (*d*) Com. de *Ranelagh*. (*e*) Com. de *Saliſbury*. (*f*) Dom. *Cath. Hyde*.

Conſtitit, obtutuque hærens, formoſior, inquit,
Aut Hæc eſt nobis, aut nos malè pinxit Apelles.

Lachrymæ Pictoris.

INfantem audivit puerum, ſua gaudia, Apelles
Intempeſtivo fato obiiſſe diem.
Ille, licèt triſti perculſus imagine mortis,
Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.
Et calamum, & ſuccos poſcens, hos accipe luctus,
Mœrorem hunc, dixit, nate, Parentis habe.
Dixit; &, ut clauſit, clauſos depinxit ocellos;
Officio pariter nuus utrique Pater:
Frontemque, & crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
Oſcula, adumbravit lugubre Pictor opus.

Perge, Parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
Nondum opus abſolvit triſte ſuprema manus.

Vidit adhuc molles Genitor ſuper oſcula riſus;
Vidit adhuc Veneres irrubuiſſe genis:
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandoſque lepores,
Et tacitos riſus tranſtulit in tabulam.

Pingendo

Pingendo deſiſte tuum ſignare dolorem;
Filioli longùm vivet imago Tui:
Vivet, & æternâ vives Tu laude; nec Arte
Vincendus Pictor, nec Pietate Pater.

EPITAPHIUM

In ſeptem Annorum Puellulam.

QUAM ſuavis mea Chloris, & venuſta,
Vitæ quàm fuerit brevis, monebunt
Hic circùm Violæ Roſæque ſuſæ;
Quarum purpura, vix aperta, clauſa eſt.

Sed nec dura nimis vocare fata,
Nec fas eſt nimiùm queri caducæ
De formæ brevitate, quam rependit
Æterni diuturnitas odoris.

PIETAS RUBECULÆ.

QUÆ Tibi Regalis dederant Diadematis aurum,
Dant & funereum Fana, MARIA, tholum.
Quiſque ſuis vicibus, mœſto ſtant ordine flentes;
Oreque velato fœmina triſte ſilet.
Parva avis interèa, reſidens in vertice ſummo,
Emittit tremulâ lugubre voce melos.
Veſpera nec claudit, nec lucem Aurora recludit,
Quin eadem repetat funebre carmen avis.
Tale nihil dederint vel Mauſolæa; MARIÆ
Hæc pietas ſoli debita vera fuit.
Venales lachrymæ, juſſique faceſſite fletus;
Sumptibus hic nullis luctus emendus erat.

VERU-

VERULAMIUM.

QUA juxtà Albani Divique & Martyris ædes
Humphredo ſervat de Duce quod ſupereſt;
Urbs ſtabat, quondam inſignis, nunc arva ſegeſque,
Abdita nunc ipſo, merſa, ſepulta ſolo.
Quo jam murorum turrita ſuperbia ceſſit!
Quid ſibi jam reliquum, quid niſi nomen, habet!
Nil niſi nomen habet——ſed & omni illuſtrius urbe,
Nullaque quo major gloria, nomen habet.
Reſtat adhuc, reſtabit adhuc per ſæcula longa,
Nomine *Baconi* nobilitata ſui:
Quæ, cùm deſierit *Verulamius* Ille vocari,
Nil niſi nunc Nomen, tunc neque Nomen erit.

AD

RICHARDUM LAMB,

Nec S. T. P. nec M. D. nec LL. D.

Neque Doctorem in Musicâ;

Sed, ex Usu ut constat vulgato,

Doctorem:

Epistola Familiaris.

QUI doctis aliquot studiis impenderit annos,
Hunc Granta exornat, vel Rhedycina, Gradu.
Quisquis & egregiam meditando invenerit Artem,
Ille sit, (& fas est) Doctor in Arte suâ.
Hoc Tibi debetur; quanquam nihil addere famæ
Nomina vel possunt magna, Graduve, Tuæ.
Hoc Tibi debetur; quòd Te nec doctior alter
Ungues vel manuum, vel resecare pedum.
Nec magis est præsens Opifer, cùm Cynthia crescat;
Et, cùm decrescat Cynthia, nemo magis.
Ne manus armetur rabie, tuâ maxima cura est;
Longus, quod rabiem colligat, unguis habet:
Proxima, mundities; ut sint sine sordibus ungues;
Longus, quod sordes contrahat, unguis alit.

Pulchra (quod adde) manus citharam decorabit eburnam;
Nec tenuem interdum dedecorabit acum.
Sive quid excreſcat pedibus, pluviam unde futuram,
Unde vices cœli præſcia diſcit anus;
Seu durum excruciet tuber, ſeu mollius urat,
Dat tuus extemplo culter amicus opem.
Saltibus hinc habiles matronæ, habileſque Puellæ;
Cùm poſcant larvas tempora, cúmque choros.
Doctor ab his ideo vocitare, & Doctor ab illis:
Moribus id, ſtudiis, ingenioque datur.
Sin meritis Rhedycina Tuis, ſin invida Granta
Hunc titulum Juris dixerit eſſe ſui;
Si Tua noluerint augeri nomina binis
Saltem literulis, literuliſve tribus;
Augeri nequeunt: Nam Te Tua Fama ſequetur;
Qui (quod nulla vetet Lex) OPERATOR eris.

RECONCILIATRIX.

CReſcentes laudes Natura inviderat Arti;
Et ſibi rivalem neſcia ferre parem;
Divinam effinxit Nympham, & formam addidit ori,
Cui Cypriæ poſſet cedere forma Deæ.
Hanc videt Ars, vincique dolet; doctoſque reſumens
Knelleri calamos, æmula tentat opus:
Depingit ſuaveſque genas, molleſque capillos,
Et colla intactâ candidiora nive.
Virginei rubor idem, eademque eſt gratia vultûs;
Et ſimilis roſeo ſpirat in ore decor.
Hinc nec certamen vult illa iterare vel illa:
Contenta & felix utraque laude ſuâ.
Gloria Naturæ atque Artis, componere tantas
Quæ potuit lites unica, * *Mira* fuit.

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* Vide Pag. 163.

O D E

Magiſtri GULIELMI SHAKESPEAR,

Verſione Latinâ donata.

VIX matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
Umbroſa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cùm ſecum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
Adventum expectans ſedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub ſalicis ſedit ramis, ubi ſæpe ſolebat
Procumbens faſtum depoſuiſſe puer.
Æſtus erat gravis; at gravior ſub pectore Divæ
Qui fuit, & longè ſævior, æſtus erat.
Mox puer advenit, poſuitque à corpore veſtem,
Tam propè vix Venerem delituiſſe ratus:
Utque Deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis infiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum, fraudemque ſuperbam
Ut videt, his mœſtis ingemit Illa modis:
Cur, ex æquoreæ ſpumâ cùm naſcerer undæ,
Non ipſa, O inquit Jupiter! unda fui!

Schola Rhetorices.

Londini ad pontem, *Billingi* nomine, porta eſt,
Unde ferunt virides oſtrea Nereides.
Hîc ſibi perpetuam legit Facundia ſedem;
Nec Modus hîc verbis, neve Figura deeſt.
Sermonem denſis Oratrix floribus ornat,
Et fundit varios, ingeminatque, Tropos.
Et nervi, & veneres, & vis, & copia fandi
Inſunt; & juſtum ſingula pondus habent.
O ſedes, totidem multùm celebrata per annos!
Omne tibi roſtrum cedit, & omne forum.
Utraque, quos malit, titulos Academia jactet:
At tibi *Linguarum Janua* nomen erit.

Canis & Echo.

PUris in cœlo radiis argentea Luna
In Tamiſis tremulâ luce refulſit aquis.
Improbus hoc vidit catulus, ringenſque malignum
Solvit in indignos ora proterva modos:
Lunamque in cœlo, Lunamque aggreſſus in undis,
In ſidus pariter ſævus utrumque furit.
Sub ripis latuit fors ulterioribus Echo,
Audiit & vanas ludicra Nympha minas:
Audiit; & rabie rabiem lepidiſſima vindex
Ulciſci ſtatuit, parque referre pari.
Ille repercuſſæ deceptus imagine vocis,
Irarum impatiens jam magis, eſtque magis.
Reddere latratus pergit latratibus Echo;
Quemque Canis ſtatuit, ſervat Imago modum.
Tandem ubi laſſatæ fauces, & ſpiritus, & vox;
Defervet rabies tota, ſiletque Canis.
Et poterat ſiluiſſe priùs; Furor omnis ineptus,
Omniſque in ſeſe futilis ira redit.

Crura Adſcititia.

HAnc Puer (& Pueri mentem quoque Gloria tangit)
Artem habet, ut ſeſe tollere poſſit humo:
Selecta ex baculis duo ligna abiegna requirit,
Quatuor ad ſpatium pluſve minuſve pedum.
His etiam, ut meliùs veſtigia firmet, equino
De corio affigit fortia lora duo.
Quæ poſtquam clavis ſuprà devinxit & infrà,
Ipſe ſuum ſcandit, quod fabricavit, opus,
Cautoque incedit, prima ad tentamina, greſſu,
Et nova cum multo crura tremore movet.
Mox ubi ſe didicit libramine pendere juſto,
Hinc inde intrepidos fertque refertque gradus.
Saxa per & plateas largis vult paſſibus ire;
Quà via per medium, quà via nulla, lutum.
Cùm ſubito (audentes Fortuna nec uſque juvabit
Proſpera) in immundam præcipitatur humum.
Quid faciat Patris metuens, metuenſque Magiſtri!
Quo fugiat tunicas ſqualidus, ora, manus!
Quin iterum aſcendat, magnis licèt excidat auſis;
Si malè nunc fuerit, non malè ſemper erit.

Altiùs

Altiùs in cœlum valido pila ſurgit ab ictu ;
Gaudet & à plagis ocyùs ire trochus.
In geminis didicit quicunque incedere lignis,
Cruribus hic poterit tutiùs ire ſuis.

Roſa : ad Stellam.

DEliciæ juvenum, Nympharum hodierna voluptas,
Ecce ea, quo rubeat, Stella, rubore Roſa!
Stella, vide quantum foliis ſuffundat honorem!
Explicet ad Solem purpura quale decus!
Cras, Stella, exemplum pùlchris lachrymabile, eandem
Arentem, laceram, pallidulamque vide.
Stella, roſæ miſerere ; & dum miſerere, memento,
Quòd brevis eſt ævi, quòd Tua forma Roſa eſt.

In Feneſtram Septentrionalem Fani Weſtmonaſterienſis.

—Renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre.

ANtiquam *Petri* quæ pulchrè illuminat Ædem,
Artificem agnoſcit picta feneſtra manum.
Circulus illuſtris ſummâ ſplendeſcit in orâ,
Divus Apoſtolici, cum Duce, quiſque Chori.
Cœleſtes intus facies, vultuſque videntur
Aligeri: in medio Biblia ſacra patent.
Quàm benè miſcentur, ſua per loca quiſque, colores!
Quàm benè cœruleum, purpureumque decus!
Quàm Lumen ſolenne, & quàm venerabilis Umbra!
Spectantem ut recreat Lumen! ut Umbra juvat!
Quæ pænè interiit longos Pictura per annos,
Illuxit bibulo jam rediviva vitro:
Jamque recens iterum, jam noſtrâ ætate revixit
Clariùs, antiquæ laudis & artis opus.

ALEXANDER

Alexander & Xerxes.

Flet Macedo, ſibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil ſupereſſe ſuis:
Flet Xerxes, quòd nemo ſuis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cùm veniet, nemo ſuperſtes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lachrymas: ego laudo dolorem
Humanum; & tecum, Perſa, dolere volo.

In Statuam Sepulchralem Infantis dormientis.

Infans venuſte, qui ſacros dulces agens
In hoc ſopores marmore,
Placidiſſimâ quiete compôſtus jaces,
Et inſcius culpæ & metûs,
Somno fruaris, docta quam dedit manus
Sculptoris; & ſomno ſimul,
Quem neſcit Artifex vel Ars effingere,
Fruaris Innocentiæ.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM

BENJAMINI FERRERS

Pictoris Surdi & Muti:

Qui obiit Anno MDCCXXXII.

ET Tu! Tune avidæ rapina mortis!
Et tu præda voracis es Sepulchri!
Nec virtus Tua Te redemit orco,
Nec vitæ tenor innocenter actæ!
At ſiquid pia prorogare Muſa
Contracti ſpatio valebit ævi,
Te juſtum memorabit integrumque
Morum; Te tenebris ſilentioque
In lucem eripiet, dabitque famæ,
Annis quod deerat, ſuperfuturæ.
Naſcenti quòd & obſeravit aures,
Et linguæ docilis negavit uſum;
Hoc rerum Tibi conſulebat Author:
Ne purum mala pectus inquinaret
Ubertas vitii, & libido culpæ;
Corruptam ſcelere, & fide carentem

Ne

Ne fraus argueret doluſque mentem :
Ut pravâ ſine labe, ſæculique
Præſens nequitiæ, nec intereſſes.
Humanas neque res & actiones
Spectabas minùs, ut vel hoc, vel illud,
Vel quidquam fugeret tuum ſagacem
Captum ; quin calamis, & hoc & illud,
Expreſſum in tabulas ſtatim referres.
Quanquam nulla tibi neceſſitudo
Cum libris fuit ; id rependit omne,
(Quod vitæ propius tuæ magiſque
Allufit) ſtudium ſilentis Artis.
Maturi mihi vis amica fati
Cùm lucem ferè clauſerit ſupremam,
Tam ſanctè, placidè, piè peractam
Ætatem oh ! recolam, recolligamque
Turpi crimine tam procul remotam ;
Non eſt, quod ſuperos priùs rogârim.

Victoria Forenſis.

CAIO cum Titio lis & vexatio longa
Sunt de vicini proprietate ſoli.
Protinus ingentes animos in jurgia ſumunt
Utraque vincendi pars ſtudioſa nimis.
Lis tumet in ſchedulas, & jam verboſior, & jam:
Nec verbum quodvis aſſe minoris emunt.
Prætereunt menſes, & Terminus alter & alter;
Quiſque novos ſumptus, alter & alter, habent.
Ille Querens, hic Reſpondens pendente vocatur
Lite; ſed, ad finem Litis, uterque Querens.

Certamen Muſicum.

OCTO trans Tamiſin campanis Diva Maria;
Cis Tamiſin bis ſex Diva Brigetta ſonat.
Hæc tenues urget modulos properantiùs Ædes,
Alternat grandes lentiùs illa modos.

Nec

Nec quis in alterutro diſtinguat littore judex,
An magis hæc aurem captet, an illa magis.
Tantæ eſt harmoniæ contentio Muſica; turris
Altera cùm Numeros, altera Pondus habet.

Carmen Lapidarium.

HIC jaceo T. L.
Quinquagenarius;
Tuæ, Lector, exemplum mortalitatis:
Peccatis, doloribus & morbis
Ad ſepulchrum uſque depreſſus.
Qui vixerim, ſi neſcias, nolis ſciſcitari;
Si ſcias, malis obliviſci:
Hoc unicum contentus doceri,
Quòd in terram, cui tu pariter cognatus es,
Propero reſolvi:
Nec tu interim huc etiam deſcendere
Moraris.

PYRA-

PYRAMIS.

PYramidum ſumptus, ad cœlum & ſidera ducti,
Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, niſi nigrum informe cadaver;
Durata in ſaxum eſt cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera tota!
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque labor!
Integra ſit morum Tibi Vita; Hæc Pyramis eſto:
Et poterunt tumulo ſex ſatis eſſe pedes.

STRADÆ Philomela.

PAſtorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit tenues ipſa referre modos;
Ipſa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Paſtor inaſſuetus rivalem ferre, miſellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos ſurgis, Philomela; ſed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimiſque cadis.
Durum certamen! triſtis victoria! cantum
Maluerit paſtor non ſuperâſſe tuum.

THES-

THESTYLIS Coqua.

ALlia, ſerpyllum, rutamque & ſectile porrum
Theſtylis, & panis fruſtula dura coquit.
Juſculaque ut guſtu capiant meliore palatum,
Immittit ſalſæ pinguia terga ſuis.
Ruſticus hinc ſtomachum lenitque, & recreat artus;
Hinc corde exultat Meſſor, & ore nitet.
O labor! O ſudor! dulcis Conditor uterque!
Egregiam facitis Theſtylin eſſe Coquam.

CANTATRICES.

QUA ſeptem vicos conterminat una Columna,
Conſiſtunt Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ;
Stramineum capiti tegimen, collumque per omne
Ingentes electri orbes: utrique pependit
Cruſtato veſtis cœno, limoque rigeſcens
Crure uſque à medio calcem defluxit ad imum.
Exiguam ſecum pendentem ex ubere natam
Altera; venales dextrâ tulit altera chartas.

His

His vix disposítis, pueri innuptæque puellæ
Accurrunt: Sutor primus, cui lorea vitta
Impediit crines, humili, quæ proxima stabat,
Proruit è cellâ, chartas, si fortè placerent,
Empturus; namque ille etiam se carmine multo
Oblectat, longos solus quo rite labores
Diminuit, fallitque hybernæ tædia noctis.
Collecti murmur sensim increbrescere vulgi
Audit; & excurrit nudis ancilla lacertis.
Incudem follesque & opus fabrile relinquens,
Se densæ immiscet plebi niger ora Pyracmon.
It juxtà, depressum ingens cui mantica tergum
Incurvat, tardo passu; simul ille coronam
Aspectat vulgi, spe carminis arrigit aures;
Statque moræ patiens, humeris nec pondera sentit.
Sic ubi Tartareum Regem Rhodopeïus Orpheus
Threiciis studuit fidibus mulcere, laboris
Immemor, Æolides stupuit modulamina plectri,
Nec sensit funesti onera incumbentia saxi.
Sæpe interventus rhedæ crepitantis, ab illo
Vicorum, aut illo, stipantem hinc inde catervam
Dividit; at rursus coeunt, ubi transiit illa,
Ut coeunt rursus, puppis quas dividit, undæ.
Canticulæ interea narraverat argumentum
Altera Sirenum, infidi perjuria nautæ,
Deceptamque dolo Nympham: tum flebile carmen

Flebilibus movit numeris, quos altera verſu
Alterno excepit: Patulis ſtant rictibus omnes:
Dextram ille acclinat, lævam ille attentiùs aurem,
Promiſſum carmen captare paratus hiatu.
Longa referre mora eſt, animum quâ vicerit arte
Virgineum juvenis. Jam poſcunt undique chartas
Protenſæ emptorum dextræ, quas illa vel illa
Diſtribuit, cantatque ſimul: Neque ferreus iſte
Eſt uſquam auditor, dulcis cui lene Camœna
Non adhibet tormentum, & furtivum elicit aſſem.
Stat medios inter baculoque innititur Irus;
Nec tamen hic loculo parcit, ſed prodigus æris
Emptor adeſt, ſolvit pretium, carmenque requirit.
Fors juxtà adſtabat vetula iracundior æquo;
Quæ loculo ex imo invitum, longúmque latentem
Depromens vix tandem obolum, cedo, fœmina, chartam,
Inquit; ut æternum monumentum in pariete figam,
Cum Laribus manſurum ipſis, quàm credula Nymphis
Pectora ſint; fraudis quàm plena, & perfida Nautis.

AD

GULIELMUM HOGARTH,

Παραινετικόν.

QUI mores hominum improbos, ineptos,
Incîdis, nec ineleganter, æri,
Deriſor lepidus, ſed & ſeverus,
Corrector gravis, at nec invenuſtus;
Seu pingis meretricios amores,
Et ſcenas miſeræ viceſque vitæ;
Ut tentat pretio rudem puellam
Corruptrix anus, impudens, obeſa;
Ut ſe vix reprimit libidinoſus
Scortator, veneri paratus omni:
Seu deſcribere vis, facete Cenſor,
Bacchanalia ſera protrahentes
Ad confinia craſtinæ diei,
Fractos cum cyathis tubos, matellam
Non plenam modò ſed ſuperfluentem,
Et fortem validumque combibonem
Lætantem ſuper amphorâ repletâ;
Jucundiſſimus omnium ferêris,

Nullique

Nullique Artificum ſecundus, ætas
Quos præſens dedit, aut dabit futura.
Macte ô, eja age, macte ſis amicus
Virtuti: vitiique quod notâris,
Pergas pingere, & exhibere coràm.
Cenſura utilior tua æquiorque
Omni vel Satirarum acerbitate,
Omni vel rigidiſſimo cachinno.

Plus ſcire oportet, quàm loqui.

QUÆ gravitas oculis! & quæ Conſtantia fronti!
Sobrius ut toto pectore Bubo ſapit!
Ales Pythagorâ dignus, dignuſque Minervâ!
Sermonis parcus, conſiliique tenax!
Oh habitet tecum, Bubo, & ſit pectore in iſto,
Quicquid habes: quoties effluet, Omen erit.

Non es, quod ſimulas.

ANTE focum nutatque & lumina claudit herilem
Et ſtupida, & vultu ſeria, Felis anus:
Nil ea laſcivi ſaltûs meminiſſe videtur;
Lusûs, ſi ſpectes, nil juvenilis habet,

Sed

Sed grave, ſed prudens quamvis, caſtumque tuetur,
Caudam, cùm tempus fert, agitare poteſt.

Oceanus Prædator & Reſtitutor.

ABluit Oceanus terras hinc inde jacentes;
Excavat & ripas, ſubtus edendo, ſalum.
At neque contrahitur tellus ſubducta rapinis,
At neque fit furtis auctior unda ſuis.
Nam parte ex aliâ deſertam extendit arenam
Littus, & è mediis inſula creſcit aquis.
Nil prodeſt Lucrum, cui Damna æqualia: fines
Oceanus mutat, ſed ſuperare nequit.

Parentis Solicitudo.

PLumaſque, & pilos, & muſcum hinc colligit illinc,
Fœtibus ut nidum ſedula ſternat avis:
Quos ubi ſurreptos caveâ ſuſpendit arator,
Hîc quoque captivos provida mater alit.
Si muſcam, ſi vermem affert, vel fortè cicadam,
Totus hiat nidus, conqueriturque famem.
Infelix in utroque parens! labor eſt peperiſſe,
Et labor eſt pullos non peperiſſe ſibi.

EPILOGUS

EPILOGUS CANTHARÆ,

Ad Terentii Adelphos.

MISSA peroratum venio paupercula nutrix,
Simplicis & mundæ ſedulitatis anus;
Moribus, ornatuque, exceptis excipiendis,
A capite ad calcem *Cantharæ* vera—mera.

Quin ades, O bone* *Fauſte*, & me quoque finge puellam,
Pulchram, habilem, inſtructam mille placere modis.
Lintea num fluitant à vertice longa? capillum
Num mihi compreſſum multa retorquet acus?
Num maculis varior majoribus atque minutis?
Collane marmoreos nudor ad uſque ſinus?
Amplo circuitu ſe ſublevat Amphitheatrum?
Dicite ſepteno num ſtat in orbe rigor?

Ut ſpe lactamur vetulæ! nil virgula prodeſt,
Nil proſunt artes, improbe *Fauſte*, tuæ.
Canthara adhuc, eadem ſum *Canthara*: vitta tegebat
Canos, & canos nunc quoque vitta tegit.

---

* Magicam *Fauſti* virgulam intellige.

Lenta

Lenta mihi pendet veſtis, quæ lenta pependit;
Et pepla ipſa eadem, quæ rubuêre, rubent.
Ecce idem ad zonam tinnit mihi cultus anilis;
Idem in turrito vertice nutat apex.
Torpet iners venis etiamnum ſanguis; in ore
Nec mihi pullinus dens, neque denticulus.
Inque genas ſubiit mihi pilus & alter & alter,
Lilia quas memini, quas decorâſſe roſas.
Nec tamen incuſo Parcas; nec queſtibus ægris
Ingemo damnoſam me minuiſſe diem.
Reſtituet lætam mihi gratia Veſtra juventam:
Plaudite Vos faciles—*Canthara* non anus eſt.

Manuale Typographiâ omni antiquius, nulli uſpiam Librorum inſertum Catalogo.

EXiguus liber eſt, muliebri creber in uſu,
Per ſe qui dici Bibliotheca poteſt.
Copia Verborum non eſt, ſed Copia Rerum;
Copia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.
Rubris conſuitur pannis; fors texitur Auro;
Bis ſexta ad ſummum pagina claudit opus.
Nil habet à tergo titulive aut Nominis; intus
Theſauros artis ſervat, & intus opes:
Intus opes, quas Nympha ſinu pulcherrima geſtet,
Quas nive candidior tractet ametque manus.
Quando Inſtrumentum præſens ſibi poſtulat Uſus,
Majuſve, aut, operis pro ratione, minus.
Et genere & modulo diverſa habet arma, gradatim
Digeſta, ad numeros attenuata ſuos?
Primum Enchiridii folium Majuſcula profert,
Qualia, quæ blæſo eſt lumine, poſcat Anus.

Quod

Quod ſequitur folium, Matronis arma miniſtrat,
Dicere quæ Magnis proximiora licet.
Tertium, item quartum, quintumque Minuſcula ſupplet,
Sed non ejuſdem ſingula quæque Loci.
Diſpoſita ordinibus certis, diſcrimina ſervant;
Quæ ſibi conveniant, ſeligat unde Nurus.
Ultima quæ reſtant, quæ multa Minutula Nympha
Dicit, ſunt ſexti Divitiæ folii.
Quantillo in ſpatio Doctrina O! quanta lateſcit!
Quam tamen obſcuram vix brevitate voces.
Non eſt Interpres, non Commentarius ullus,
Aut Index; tam ſunt omnia perſpicua.
Ætatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem,
Ut nihil auxilii poſtulet inde Liber.
Millia librorum numerat perplura; nec ullum
Bodlæi huic jactat Bibliotheca parem.
Millia Cæſareo numerat quoque munere Granta,
Hæc tamen eſt inter millia tale nihil.
Non eſt, non iſtis Author de millibus unus,
Cui tanta Ingenii Vis, vel Acumen ineſt.

Mola Juventutis Reſtauratrix.

MEDEA, effæti revocaret ut Æſonis annos,
Diverſam herbarum mille popoſcit opem;
Carminaque & magicas artes, ſuccoſque potentes,
Quoſve Venenorum Theſſala terra parens;
Quos Pindus, quos Oſſa tulit, quos Pelion altus,
Quotquot & Apidani gramina ripa dedit;
Quodque triceps Hecate auxilii, quod numina noctis,
Quod nemorum poterant Diique Deæque dare.
His ſimul incoctis, precibuſque & carmine multo
Sopiti jugulum diſcidit enſe ſenis.
Sanguis ubi exierat, validi medicamine ſucci
Replevit Soceri guttura cæſa nurus.
Canities, macieſque abiit, pallorque, ſituſque,
Plenaque luxuriant membra vigore novo.
Scilicet hoc viſum eſt mirè finxiſſe Poetæ;
Te penes eſt dignum dicere necne fide.
Quidlibet audendi Pictori eſt æqua poteſtas,
Et multi ingenii tradidit Ille Molam.
Clarius Inventum, quoniam plus exhibet artis,
(Quod mox agnoſces) prodigiique minus.

Quod ſequitur folium, Matronis arma miniſtrat,
Dicere quæ Magnis proximiora licet.
Tertium, item quartum, quintumque Minuſcula ſupplet,
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Et multi ingenii tradidit Ille Molam.
Clarius Inventum, quoniam plus exhibet artis,
(Quod mox agnoſces) prodigiique minus.

Ponitur in campis (ita luſit amabile Pictor)
Machina, bis ſenos, vix minùs, alta pedes.
Non agitur ventis, non eſt verſatilis undis,
Verſandæ toti ſufficit unus homo.
Pyxis quadrati ex ligni compagine, ſummum
Inverſi Coni conficit inſtar opus.
Huc ope ſcalarum aſcendens, de margine capſæ
Conjicitur præceps, ut juveneſcat, anus.
Dum rota verſatur, (credat, qui conſpicit) exit
Juxtà expectanti pulchra puella proco.
Pulchra, decens, habilis—vetulæ hæc miracula cernunt,
Et propere ad ſcalas, ut renoventur, eunt.
Jam non in plateis, longâ confecta ſenectâ,
Hoc vetula exaudit triſte, *Memento Mori.*
Siquam pervulgata fidem Pictura meretur,
Læta magis Vox eſt illa, *Memento Moli.*

CORNICULA.

NIgras inter aves avis eſt, quæ plurima turres,
Antiquas ædes, celſaque Fana colit.
Nil tam ſublime eſt, quod non audace volatu,
Aeriis ſpernens inferiora, petit.
Quo nemo aſcendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
Corripiat, certè hunc ſeligit illa locum.
Quo vix à terrâ tu ſuſpicis abſque tremore,
Illa metûs expers incolumiſque ſedet.
Lamina delubri ſupra faſtigia, ventus
Quâ cœli ſpiret de regione, docet;
Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult; ſecura pericli,
Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadat.
Res inde humanas, ſed ſumma per otia, ſpectat,
Et nihil ad ſeſe, quas videt, eſſe videt.
Concurſus ſpectat, plateâque negotia in omni,
Omnia pro nugis at ſapienter habet.
Clamores, quos infra audit, ſi forſitan audit,
Pro rebus nihili negligit, & crocitat.
Ille tibi invideat, felix Cornicula, pennas,
Qui ſic humanis rebus abeſſe velit.

CONSPICILLUM.

OMnibus ex Oculis, quos Ars invenit & Uſus,
Per quos conſpicimus res prope, reſque procul;
Commodius nihil eſt, nihil eſt præſentius illis,
Impoſitos naſo quos fere quiſque gerit.
Sunt, qui temporibus, ne balbâ è nare loquantur,
Affigi malunt hæc vitrea auxilia.
Sunt, quibus in dextrâ vitrum prætenditur unum;
Hi ſunt ex illis, quos pudet eſſe ſenes.
Nemo ſagax magis eſt Exploratore novorum,
Cùm vitra in naſo geſtet, in ore tubum:
His pollens armis, his adjutricibus armis,
Arcani nihil eſt, quod ſubolere nequit.
Adjumenta domi hæc ſi fors fortaſſe relinquat,
Fruſtra ſub cubito biblia portat anus:
Excidit ex animo, nihilique eſt Concio tota,
Ni Caput & Verſum, ſecum habet, unde notet.

Induit

Induit alternis Pſalmodus & exuit infrà
Clericus, alternis ut legat, utque canat.
* Pollice tunc habuit ſuſpenſa, obliqua tuenti
Cùm niveum oſtendit Nympha ſopora ſinum.
Lumina cui languent, multis hebetantur & annis,
Quatuor ut fiant, addat ab Arte duo.
Qui vult argutus, qui vult oculatus haberi,
In capite hic Oculos geſtet, & in loculo.

---

* Vide Picturam *Gul. Hogarth*, quæ ſopitam lepidiſſimè deſcribit Congregationem.

In Edictum

Regis GEORGII Secundi

De recudendis Nummis Aureis.

AUREA *Jacobi* vultus et Nomina geſſit
Lamina; ſed longo jam tenuata die.
Scilicet exeſas Injuria Temporis oras
Senſim corroſit, diminuitque latus.
Vix patet huic Sceptrum, vix huic diſtinguitur Orbis,
Inſcriptum haud illi Lemma videre licet.
Ne Valor et Pondus decreſcere pergeret ultrà,
Huic quoque præcavit Regia Cura malo.
Edicto incudi detrita Numiſmata reddi
Juſſit, & Effigiem ferre recuſa novam.
Nec tamen amitti dices cum Nomine Formam;
Eſt et adhuc Vultus, qui pretioſa facit.

Pons Weſtmonaſterienſis.

TAMISI, Regales qui præterlaberis Arces,
Quàm ſe magnificum, ſuſpice, tollit Opus!
Quanto cum ſaxis coaleſcunt pondere Saxa!
Quo nexu incumbens ſuſtinet Arcus onus!
Ardua quàm juſto pendet libramine moles!
Quâ partes hærent partibus Harmoniâ!
Quos, cerne, ad numeros, ab utrovis littore, ſenſim
Sunt ſupra acclives alterutrinque viæ!
Pontis Aperturæ quàm diſtant legibus æquis,
Exterior quævis interiore minor!
Hunc Artis ſplendorem inter, nihil impedit undas,
Quove minùs placidus vel taciturnus eas.
Nil Tibi deſcenſum accelerat; non vorticis ullus
Impetus, in præceps unde ferantur aquæ.
Fluxu idem, refluxu idem, leniſſimus amnis
Incolumem ſubtus ſternis, ut antè, viam:
Seris Indicium Sæc'lis, Quo Principe tanta
Hæc tibi ſurrexit Gloria, Liber eris.

In Edictum

Regis GEORGII Secundi

De recudendis Nummis Aureis.

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Seris Indicium Sæc'lis, Quo Principe tanta
Hæc tibi ſurrexit Gloria, Liber eris.

MILLIARIA.

LOndinum à *Grantâ* pergenti (in pace quieſcat,
Qui poſuit) quota ſint Millia, ſaxa notant.
Jam non, ad patrias ædes rediturus, Alumnus
Incertæ queritur tædia dura viæ.
Jam non, *Fulmerii* deſerta per æquora campi,
Quærit ubi villam, conſpiciatve domum.
Quem roget, occurrat nullus ſi fortè Viator,
Certus in incertis rebus amicus adeſt.
Eſt in conſpectu, qui Millia computat, Index,
Et numerat, quanto diminuatur iter.
Hunc prætervecto lapidem, qui proximus inſtat,
Millia ſignabit præteriiſſe duo.
Vix e conſpectu, vix ſeſe ubi ſubmovet ille,
Ordine qui ſubeant, alter & alter erunt:
Tertius, etquartus—quintuſque haud conficit horam;
Tam placido pergunt uſque tenore viæ.
Ignotæ tantum præſtat Diſtantia nota;
Millia quæ reddit plura, minuſque Viæ.

EPILOGUS

EPILOGUS CRITONIS

Ad Terentii Andriam.

ECquis ibi eſt?—audite aliquis—Puer, endromidem da;
Adde manum (quid ſtas lentus?) utramque manum;
Da mihi jam Terrorem, et jam duo Fulmina belli,
Et jam balteolum—cætera portet equus.
Si mea ſunt—O ſunt—mihi ſalva viatica, rite
Inſtruor, his armis tutus, & his animis.
Hiſce ego latrones abigo, corvoſque, caneſque;
His pluviæ ſubigo vim, Boreæque minas.
Seu per planitiem contendo, ubi rarior agris
Stat rubus, aut inopi ſtramine tecta caſa;
Sive eo per ſalebras & per prærupta locorum,
Et per creſcentis tædia longa viæ;
Si non obliquus ſedeam, ſi à poſteriori
Integer & ſalvus, cætera ſalvus eo.
Improba latrantis Stomachi cùm murmurat ira,
(Uſque adeo res eſt imperioſa fames)
Divertor—mihi cœnam, & equo ſua pabula poſco;
Neu mala defraudet, viſo, reviſo, manus.

Seligere eſt lectum mihi proxima cura, laborque
Detrahere eſt ocreas proximus—& labor eſt.
Accumbo cœnæ—& mecum hoſpes, ſeu rogo, ſeu non:
Et bibit, & comedit, plus tamen ille bibit.
Cras venit, & Schedula—Imprimis mihi Panis-Itemque
Pullus-Item Vinum——nil niſi cum pretio.
Solvo, Enchiridion repleo, diſcedo, ſalute
Acceptâ & dictâ—vive valeque——vale.
Puer. Te tuus expectat ſonipes, neſcitque morari
Impatiens—*Cr.* in me non erit ulla mora.
Vos quibus Hoſpitibus placidis & ſuavibus utor,
Eſte ſalutati, docta Corona, mihi.
Eſte, O ſpectantes, animis, quod & eſtis, amicis,
Et pede inoffenſo, dicite, perge domum,
Accipio felix omen, plauſuque ſecundo,
Quo curſum inſtitui, pergo viator iter.
Vivite felices; ego quandocunque redibo,
Devoto vobis corde, redibo *Crito*.

CAUPO MEDIATOR.

SEU Lis inciderit Muliebris ſive Virilis,
Caupo ſtatim rixæ pacificator adeſt.
Ille interponens ſeſe, pacem impero vobis,
Inquit, & in Regis Nomine poſco, rogo:
Præcipuè cautus, ne verba in verbera cedant,
Reſpicit hinc pugilum, reſpicit inde manus.
Neu deſit quidquam, quantum facundia poſſit,
Tentat, & has voces addit & hiſce pares.
Tollite Barbariem; vicini eſtote, quod eſtis:
Imbelles animos arguit iſte Furor.
Quin ſociis mecum fœdus renovate lagenis;
Lædit enim totas Lis inimica domos.
Nemo magis præſens Illo eſt componere lites;
Sed Nebulo ſiccas odit amicitias.

CICINDELA.

SUB ſepe exiguum eſt, nec rarò in margine ripæ,
Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet,
Vermis habet ſpeciem, ſed habet de lumine Nomen;
At priſcâ à famâ non liquet, unde micet.
Plerique à caudâ credunt procedere lumen;
Nec deſunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.
Nam ſuperas ſtellas quæ nox accendit, & illi
Parcam eadem Lucem dat, moduloque parem.
Forſitan hoc prudens voluit Natura caveri,
Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret:
Exiguam, in tenebris ne greſſum offenderet ullus,
Prætendi voluit forſitan Illa facem.
Sive uſum hunc Natura parens, ſeu maluit illum,
Haud fruſtra accenſa eſt Lux, radiique dati.
Ponite vos faſtus, humiles nec ſpernite, magni;
Quando habet & minimum reptile, quod niteat.

ODE NUPTIALIS.

I.

JUVENES.

VIrgines, quas caſtus Amor jugali
Deſtinat tædæ, generoſa Vitis
(Quod ſit, O! felix, quod & uſque felix)
Jungitur Ulmo.

VIRGINES.

Si preces junctæ auſpicium ſecundent,
Vos ſimul feſtum repetemus omen;
" Vite cum dulci juveni ſit Ulmo
" Copula felix."

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Floreant unà viridi juventâ,
Et pari longùm vigeant honore;
Invicem nexis ſocientque ramis
Mutua vinc'la.

II.

JUVENES.

Robur & vires columenque tutum
Arbori arbor det valida imbecilli,
Et diu ſoſpes ſtabiliſque Vitem
Fulciat Ulmus.

VIRGINES.

Palmites innectat in arctiorem
Vitis amplexum, gravidoque fœtu et
Purpurâ multi decorans racemi
Veſtiat Ulmum.

CHORUS.

Quod poteſt, Vitem tueatur Ulmus;
Quod poteſt, Vitis locupletet Ulmum;
Illa tutamen, decus addat illa,
Utraque utrique.

III.

III.

JUVENES.

Utraque irruptam arbor, & hæc & illa,
Copulam ſervet, pariter fidelis,
Nec die ſolvat citiùs ſupremo
Fœdus amoris.

VIRGINES.

Sit diu ſalvum ſociale vinc'lum,
Nulla quod fati violet poteſtas:
Seriùs fiat viduata Vitis,
Seriùs Ulmus.

CHORUS.

Arbores Sylvæ ſpatioſiores,
Arbores, quas lucus alit, minores,
Hanc fidem laudent, ſimul æmulentur,
Connubialem.

Hæredis Luctus.

NUmmorum immenſæ Summæ qui naſcitur Hæres,
Quo ritu amiſſum defleat ille patrem!
Magna ſtatim ſignet mortem Campana, jubete;
Nec pulſus horas deſinat ante duas,
Obdite (mœrori quia Lux inimica) feneſtras;
Duriùs ut pulſet nemo, cavete, fores.
Formaque quo major taciti ſit funeris, ire
Suſpenſo ſervum quemque jubete pede.
Quique paret pullas, Sartorem accerſite, veſtes:
Eventum triſtem nil niſi triſte decet.
Præcipite, ut currus ſit & intra pullus & extra,
Pullaque ſint itidem fræna, ſodile, rotæ.
Quadratâ in tabulâ defuncti Inſignia coràm
Proſtent, in mediâ fronte locata domûs.
Teſtetur, fas eſt, pietatem Eccleſia Nati:
Pulpita ſint pariter condecorata, volo.
Ut res ſunt nihili ſpecioſa imitamina luctûs!
Ut nugæ, ut fiunt omnia ludibrium!
Fallitur egregiè, quem pompa externa doloris,
Fallit: nil iſtis lætius eſt Lachrymis.

BOMBYX.

BOMBYX.

FIne ſub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ovo,
Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus.
Frondibus hinc mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,
Gnaviter incumbens, dum ſatietur, edit.
Creſcendo ad juſtum cùm jam maturuit ævum,
Incipit artifici ſtamine Textor opus:
Filaque condenſans filis, orbem implicat orbi,
Et ſenſim in gyris conditus ipſe latet.
Inque Cadi teretem formam ſe colligit, unde
Egrediens pennas papilionis habet.
Fitque parens tandem, fœtumque reponit in ovis;
Hoc demum extremo munere functus, obit.
Quotquot in hac noſtrâ ſpirant animalia terrâ,
Nulli eſt vel brevior Vita, vel utilior.

Regnare

Regnare nolo, Liber ut non ſim mihi.

IRus Ego (hæc muſam memini cecinisſe jocoſam)
Pauper, & à cunis claudus——& Irus ero.
Eſt mihi tibicen lignum, quod cruris iniquis
Greſſibus, officium præſtat— & Irus ero.
Ad latus ampullam geſto, ſed non ita magnam,
Unde bibam, quando ſiccus—& Irus ero.
Pera mihi pendet duplex; ſalis altera cuſtos,
Altera, quæ panem ſervat—& Irus ero.
Longa mihi tunica eſt, & pannis obſita; Nympham
Quæ tamen interdum celet—& Irus ero.
Inſidiis procul atque metu, immuniſque periclî,
In cellâ vîvo tutus—& Irus ero.
Invidiam ſupra, Dominoque beatior omni
Irus Ego, & (regnet, qui velit) Irus ero.

Regnare Volo.

BIS ſextam clauſura diem poſt feſta Decembris
Luſibus innocuis Nox ſalibuſque datur.
Feſtivum in cœtum coeunt pueri atque puellæ,
Ut Sors, quos regno deſtinet, ipſa legat.
Sortis ad arbitrium Rex & Regina creantur,
Quo ritu? breviter cuncta docendus eris.
De farre & prunis Libum componitur ingens,
Bis ſex in partes ſectile, biſve decem.
Convivæ, quotcunque adſint, ſua portio cuique eſt;
Cuique ſuum aſſignat portio quæque locum.
Credere vix poteris, qui riſus inter edendum,
Quæ ſpes pertentent pectora, quive metus.
Rex Ille in noctem, Regina vocatur & Illa,
Cui Faba contigerit, contigeritque Cicer.
Præficiunt epulis convivæ utrumque; ſalutem
Et regno optantes omnia fauſta brevi:
Regnum unam in noctem, ſi ſit lætabile ſaltem,
Imperio annorum dulcius eſſe rati.

ΔΩΡΟΝ ΑΔΩΡΟΝ.

Cives in campos quoties innubilus aer
Elicit, & tepidum ver, zephyrique leves;
Terga Bovis, vel terga Suis, satis utraque salsa,
Caupo suburbanus donat, ut hospes edat.
Nec fraudi successus abest optatus; ad hamum
Gobio festinat plurimus, & capitur.
Conviva insidiis deceptus editque sititque;
Nec sentit, quantum crescit edendo sitis.
Non adeò est largus, non est, quem credis, amicus:
Ut vendat potum, dat tibi Caupo cibum.

APES.

APES.

GENS frugi & prudens, operosa & provida, vitam
Quàm placide peragunt, quàm sapienter Apes!
Urbis habent inter sese consortia; cuique
Stat sua pars operum, munia cuique sua.
Nota domus sua cuique, & parvæ limina cellæ;
Et sua de medio portio cuique cibi est.
Hic esto Populus, Res esto hæc publica, discat
Unde suos cives instituisse Plato.

Ingenia in occulto.

DIſcipulos variæ Sectæ, variæque Studentes
Artis, Muſæum Bethlemienſe capit.
Alterius ſtudiis obſit ne forſitan alter,
Obfirmat cellam portula cuique ſuam.
Qualis Epicteto lectus, qualiſque cathedra,
Talis iis lectus, tale ſedile datur.
Neu Phœbus radiis animi perſtringat ocellos,
Excludit nimium parva feneſtra diem.
Dulcibus Hic totus Muſis incumbit; & implet
Anguſtos rythmis carminibuſque Lares:
Impendit curam patriæque & civibus Ille;
Debita ſi forſan diminuiſſe queat.
Nuſquam eſt uberior, nuſquam ſeges Ingeniorum
Major; ſed Meſſis tota latendo perit.

Dignitas & Otium.

ALtior eſt reliquis, quæ ſella vocatur Honoris;
Acclivis, facili ſed ſuperanda jugo.
Hoc ſolium aſcendit, quem tota frequentia poſcit
Præſidis in noctem ſuſtinuiſſe vices.
Ille ubi compoſuit ſeſe, clavoque galerum
Suſpendit, pœtum fert tubuloſque puer.
Implet, & accendit, cubitoque innixus utroque
In cathedrâ dignè pro gravitate ſedet.
Arbiter hinc dicit legeſque modumque bibendi,
Quoque propinanda eſt ordine cuique ſalus.
His tandem officiis functus, vinoque gravatus,
Nondum depoſito nutat hiatque tubo.
Quæ rarò coeunt, & in unâ ſede morantur,
En! ubi Majeſtas, & ſit habenda Quies!

Ad

Ad Stephanum Duck,

Ἐγκωμιαστικόν.

ORtu humilem, obſcurum vitâ, ſervumque labore,
Te, Stephane, in lucem ruſtica Muſa vocat.
Principibus placuiſſe viris tibi contigit Aulæ,
Et minor eſt famâ Lauriger ipſe tuâ.
Cæſareo juſſu, certum eſt tibi Penſio munus;
Te Curatorem Regius Hortus habet.
Regia præterea, ſi Fama eſt nuncia veri,
Curæ mandatur Bibliotheca tuæ.
Nec faſtu tamen elata eſt, vultuve ſuperbo
Fert tua Fortunæ proſpera Muſa vices.
Nec mutantur adhuc Mores; ſed & Ille modeſtus,
Ille verecundus, qui prius, uſque manes.
In modicis æquus; prudens, moderatus in altis,
Exemplar Magnis eſto, vel Opprobrium.

PROLOGUS

PROLOGUS

Ad Terentii Andriam.

UT vitam inſpicerent hominum, propiuſque tuendo
Formarent mores Graia juventa ſuos;
Quod deforme fuit Vitii, Comœdia priſca
Coràm ſpectandum, nec ſine felle, dedit.
Quod mediocre fuit, veniâ quod dignius, illud
Deſcripſit multo Muſa jocoſa ſale.
Nec Dulce egregiis, nec defuit Utile ſcenis,
Quod delectaret, quodque moneret idem.
Tranſtulit à Græcis placidam feliciter Artem
Roma, pari ſtudio conſilioque pari:
Quodque ſuis fuerat per ſæcula retro Menander,
Id quoque Romanis Publius Afer erat.

Simplicitas eadem eſt ſcribendi, eademque Venuſtas;
Caſti ſunt omnes ingenuique ſales.
Concinna eſt brevitas, & pura oratio, quicquid
Dicere vult Servos Fabula, quicquid Heros.
Simo, Senex pulchre cordatus, lenis in irâ eſt;
Cùm dolet, aut queritur, cùm lachrymatur, Homo.
Ingenio Juvenis, qui Nomine, Pamphilus idem,
Nulli hominum, officio vel pietate, deeſt.
Natumve aut Patrem juſtè perpendite, non eſt
Natus amabilior, candidiorve Pater.
Tam bene morata eſt, nitido tam plena lepore
Andria, quam Vobis nox hodierna parat.
Nos facili erigite O! riſu, plauſuque ſecundo,
Ludere qui pariter diſcimus & Sapere.

EPI-

EPILOGUS

LESBIÆ OBSTETRICIS.

AUdîſtis quanto clamore Puerpera, Juno
Lucina, oh! miſeræ, fer mihi, dixit, opem.
Illa ego ſum Juno—ſed non de plebe miniſtra,
Quales Lucinas viculus omnis habet.
Nil loquor impurum, vel ſubnuo turpius; iſta
Vulgares animos, degenereſque juvent.
Oſcula ſiquando permittam, admitto pudicè;
Ut decet humanas ingenuaſque Nurus.
Si quid fortè bibam, cyathus mihi ſufficit unus,
Pollice vix major——Fors aliquando duo.
Incolumi Matre & ſalvâ, mea proxima cura eſt
Infantem primis veſtibus induere.
Adſidet ad cubitum, *Glycerîque Archillis* ocellos
Intuitu primo callida cernit anus:
Parvaque componens magnis, frontem, oſcula, naſum,
Quid Patris explorat, quid referatur Avi.

Tergaque demulcens, hominum eſtſæviſſimus, inquit,
Tam pulchram poterit qui violare cutim.
Deliræ hæc inter Nutricis Somnia, majus
Urget opus longè Me, graviorque labor;
Cingere faſciolis teneros, nec duriter, artus,
Et juſtum ad modulum fingere molle caput.
Cautio nec levis eſt, multis de millibus una
Ne minimo infantem vulnere pungat acus.
Sed nec adhuc ceſſat mihi cura; Puerpera Mater
Sæpe reviſenda eſt, & mihi ſæpe Puer.
Interea mihi Menſis abit, ſed & uno alloque
Donatus flavo munere Menſis abit.
His ego me officiis, Vobis, Populе Alme Virorum,
Commendo, obſequio, ſedulitate, fide.
Quandocunque opus eſt, me ſervam accerſite veſtram;
Leſbia curabo protinus eſſe domi.

SUICIDA.

MUSCA meam volitat circum importuna lucernam,
Alaſque amburit jam propè jamque ſuas.
Sæpe repello manu venientem, &, ineptula muſca,
Quæ, te, inquam, impellit tanta libido mori?
Illa tamen redit, &, quanquam ſervare laboro,
Inſtat, & in flammas exitiumque ruit.
Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projicis, ultrà
Servare; & ſi ſis certa perire, peri.

Ἀρχιτέκτων.

ASpicis, ut nidum tignis ſuffigit Hirundo,
Cæmento ut luteo penſile firmat opus!
Aſpicis, ut ſolido dureſcunt mœnia nexu,
Quem neque ventorum vis, neque ſolvat aqua!
Structura incolumis, multos manſura per annos,
Vere eadem reduces excipit hoſpes aves.
Præſtat in exiguâ, quod non *Vanbrughius* æquet,
Quod non *Gibbeſius* vincat, Hirundo domo.

Artis eſt celare Artem.

PUlchra, nec invitos, vocat ad ſpectacula cives
Fauxius, egregiæ dexteritatis homo;
Fallere ſpectantes quo non ſollertior alter,
Vel linguæ inſidiis, vel levitate manûs.
En! Vobis (aperitque manum Deceptor utramque)
Orbiculum! hei præſto!—fugit, abivit—adeſt.
Eſt hîc, eſt illic—nuſquam eſt, & ubique—videte,
In menſâ—in loculis hujus—in ore tuo.
Tunc peram invertit; fraudemque exorſus ab ovo
Gallinam profert aligerumque gregem.
Chartula (proh! monſtrum!) ſummi ad laquearia tecti
Subvolat, & formam juſſa capeſſit avis.
Spectator lætus videt hæc miracula rerum,
Et ſtupet occulti captus amore doli.
Multum habet ingenii, multum Deluſor & artis;
Qui, ſimul ac aperit ſe, nihil artis habet.

Iris Portabilis.

Colligit & frangit radios in mille colores
Vitrum, quod Docti nomine Priſma vocant;
Coccina cæruleis, croceis hyacinthina diſtant,
Singula per varios attenuata gradus.
Diſſimiles umbris ſunt umbræ, & linea quævis
Languidior ſenſim contiguâque minor.
Per ſic diſpoſitæ diſcrimina Lucis, in omni
Depictam facie Priſmatis Irin habet.

—— Levius fit patientiâ, Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

Clauditur in caveâ, laqueo quam prenderit Auceps,
Et ſilet, & fatum lugubre plorat avis.
Nec placet anguſtus carcer, quam limite nullo
Aerias nuper juverat ire vias.
Naſcitur, & longo patientia creſcit ab uſu;
Nec jam, quæ dederat tædia, carcer habet.
Jam ſe ſolatur cantu Captiva; nec ulla
Suaviùs in campis Libera cantat avis.

Veritas & Amicitia.

EST Homo, Mercator ruri, cui Lux tremit intus;
In cultu gravitas eſt, & in ore fides:
Qui longis odit verborum ambagibus uti,
Nec cum vicinis diſſimulanter agit.
Nec pretium ingeminat venalibus amplius æquo,
Ut mox diminuat, dimidietve, lucrum.
Nec nimis extollit merces, & laudibus auget;
Commendet meliùs quas ſuus ipſe Valor.
Nil vanum aut falſum; ſed Næ ſolenniter aut Non
Profert particulas, & ſine fraude, duas.
Quodcunque affirmatu opus eſt, quodcunque negatu,
Affirmat nudè, ſimpliciterque negat.
O probitas primæva! an & hæc laudatur & alget?
Nonne hæc emptores conciliare poteſt?
Næ! venit, ah! ſanè! multus venit emptor amicus,
Multaque cum ſancto Fratre profana Soror.

ÆNIGMA.

ÆNIGMA.

PArvula res, & acu minor eſt, & ineptior uſu :
Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.
Sed licèt exigui pretii minimique valoris,
Ecce, quot Artificum poſtulat illa manus !
Unius in primis cura eſt conflare metallum ;
In longa alterius ducere fila labor.
Tertius in partes reſecat, quartuſque reſectum
Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos.
Eſt quinti tornare caput, quod ſextus adaptet ;
Septimus in punctum cudit & exacuit.
His tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes
Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.
Quæ tanti ingenii, quæ tanti eſt ſumma laboris ?
Si mihi reſpondes, Oedipe, tota tua eſt.

Labor Ineptiarum.

AUT Genera & Species dignoſcat Papilionum,
Sitque quibus maculis quiſque, quibuſque notis;
Quotquot agris volitant, ſtudioſè hinc colligit illinc,
Muſæi ut ſervet Fulvius inter opes.
Theſaurum egregium! ſi quis foret Uſus habendi:
At cuinam hæc ſervit cura laborque bono!
Papilio, centum quamvìs ſervetur in annos,
Nil niſi relliquiæ Papilionis erit.

Nemo Miſer niſi comparatus.

QUIS fuit infelix adeò! quis perditus æquè!
Conqueritur mœſto carmine triſtis amans.
Non novus hic queſtus, rarove auditus; amantes
Deſerti & ſpreti mille queruntur idem.
Fatum decantas quod tu miſerabile, multus
Deplorat multo cum Corydone Strephon.
Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,
Non ea vel ſola eſt ferrea, tuve miſer.

In

In Nuptias

Sereniſſimi AURANSIÆ Principis

Anno MDCCXXXIV.

QUI Magnum exornas, Princeps, virtutibus Ortum,
Auriacum Nomen *Naſſoviamque* domum;
Felicem in longum thalamum Tibi Muſa precatur,
Et quotquot dederit gaudia fidus Amor.
Jam non ut mediâ cupimus ſtatuatur in Urbe,
Hiſce quòd auxiliis nil *Gulielmus* eget.
Æra ſtatim ſordent, nigrâ ferrugine tincta;
Et quæ non Tempus marmora, Livor edit.
Auriaci vultûs quæ ſpirat Imagine vivâ,
Eſt quâvis Statuâ ſanctior Effigies.
Anglia ſi junctis valeatque *Hollandia* votis,
In Natis priſcos Tu revocabis Avos;
Quæque nec æquabit Saxum nec ahenea ſigna,
Auriacæ Genti Tu monumenta dabis.

Phœbe Ornatrix.

DOrinda ad ſpeculum longas dum conterit horas,
Comprimat ut poſitas juſtior ordo comas;
Serva à Secretis juxtà ſtat ſedula *Phœbe*,
In Dominæ laudes officioſa ſuæ:
Omnia mirari præſens, crinemque, coloremque,
Et molles oculos, purpureaſque genas.
Quàm bella hæc macula eſt, lævum quæ ſtringit ocellum!
Ut Veneres geminat Lunula bina tuas!
Quàm bene nativæ reſpondent omnia formæ!
Ut gracilem attenuat Zona reducta ſinum!
Nec deſunt huic Obſequio ſua munera; quanta
Pro Merito fas eſt proque Valore dari.
Faſciolis *Phœbe*, *Phœbe* donata Lacernis,
Et placet, &, quanti ſit placuiſſe, docet.

Odor

Odor Lucri.

Aulinâ ad Turrim quà Semita ducit ab Æde,
Nomen de *Thamiſi* flumine vicus habet.

Nequaquam violis conſpergitur ille roſiſque,
Nedum olet, ut pictus floribus hortus olet.
Nec thus, nec nardum, nec aroma aut cinnama vendit,
Aut felix quicquid mittit odoris *Arabs*.
Caſeus aſt illic, quem *Ceſtria* preſſit, abundat
Multus; & id ſentis olfaciendo procul.
Millia lychnorum pendent ex ordine multa;
Inque cadis ſapo, pix, oleumque jacent.
Innumeræ Haleces doliis cumulantur in amplis,
Et ſalſamenti conditur omne genus.
Cæpe manu eſt majus, pætumque, oh nauſea turpis!
Hinc longe emunctæ, Cottile, naris abi.
Quæ te adeò offendunt, *Thamiſini* ſunt ea vici
Divitiæ; & ceſſat Lucrum, ubi ceſſat Odor.

Decor

Decor Inemptus.

Fœmina munditiis ſimplex, cultuque pudica eſt,
Quam Tremulam à tremulâ relligione vocant:
Illa, nihil ſæc'li ſapiens, nec criſpat ad aures
Crinem, nec collum nudat ad uſque ſinus.
Quam Natura dedit, formâ contenta, ſatiſque
Pulchra, adjumenti nil aliunde petit.
Tota placens, & tota decens, & tota venuſta,
Auget quas celat, quaſque revelat opes.
Huic formam invideat, quæ formam accerſit ab Arte,
Et pars exigua eſt ipſa puella ſuî:
Quæ, male dedignans nativis dotibus uti,
Ornatum, ſeſe quo dehoneſtet, emit.
Et ſimul agnoſcat, veneres quando invidet iſtas,
Quodcunque eſt ſimplex, illud & eſſe decens.

LIMAX.

LIMAX.

FRondibus & pomis herbiſque tenaciter hæret
Limax, & ſecum portat ubique domum.
Tutus in hac ſeſe occultat, ſiquando pericl'lum
Imminet, aut ſubitæ decidit imber aquæ.
Cornua vel leviter tangas, ſe protinus in ſe
Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.
Secum habitat, quacunque habitat; ſibi tota ſupellex;
Solæ, quas adamat, quaſque requirit, opes.
Secum potat, edit, dormit; ſibi in ædibus iſdem
Conviva & comes eſt, hoſpes & hoſpitium.
Limacem, quacunque fiet, quacunque moretur,
(Siquis eum quærat) dixeris eſſe domi

Παύλα

Decor Inemptus.

Fœmina munditiis ſimplex, cultuque pudica eſt,
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(Siquis eum quærat) dixeris eſſe domi

Πάνυ Γέλως.

HEroum quo fama abiit! vulgataque quondam
Antiquis ubi sunt Nomina in Historiis!
Heu! quanta humanis insunt ludibria rebus!
Gloria, cùm tantùm Gloria, quàm nihili est!
Pompeium quis conjiceret nunc esse Molossum!
Cæsara quis Lanii crederet esse canem!
At sunt; rivales at sunt: certaminis (aut os
Aut offam carnis projice) testis eris.
Scipio, fulmen adhuc belli, tauro involat acer,
Et validos lacerat dente tenace toros.
Quod defensor erat Trojæ, defensor & horti est;
Et Canis est *Hector*, quod fuit *Hector* Homo.
Qui præter reliquos sævus sitiensque cruoris,
Ille, nec immerito, dicitur ille *Nero*.
Ut coriis fures unctis absterreat, ille
Latratu multo perpete nocte furit.
En quo processit verborum injuria! *Brutus*
Expellit porcos, & *Cato* servat oves.
At neque servatur major Reverentia Divis,
At neque Cœlitibus nomina sancta magis:

Juno,

Juno, Diana, Venus, quondam celebrata Poetis
Numina, jam nuribus ſunt gremialis Amor:
Curribus ad varios cœtus hinc inde feruntur;
Seu fors Templa magis, ſive Theatra juvent.
Si foret in terris *Democritus,* hanc quoque juſtam
Materiem riſûs dixerit eſſe ſui.

—Si propiùs ſtes,
Te capiet minùs.—

Ondini ad pontem prono cùm labimur amne,
Quam Tua dat Turris dulce, *Maria,* melos!
Ut ſervat juſtum quævis campana tenorem!
Pulſata ut variis contremit aura ſonis!
Nec mora, nec requies; ripas concentibus implet,
Alternans hilares ingeminanſque vices.
Quo magis abſcedis, tentat numeroſior aurem
Muſica; lætantur corda, ſalitque jecur.
Talis ab Harmoniâ ſurgit diſtante voluptas;
Sin turrim introeas, omnia clangor erit.

Vulgus

Vulgus non rectum videt.

SI diſcum Solis Lunæ interceperit orbis,
(Quod rarum non eſt dicere Phænomenon),
Vitra ſtatim infuſcant alter ſpeculator & alter,
Nec poſſunt prorſus diſſimulare metum.
At ſi, quod bino, quod trino haud accidit ævo,
Horrendùm longo crine Cometa rubet;
Quod non prodigium cœli hæc denunciat ira!
Interitum mundi, judiciique diem!
Continuo plateâ *Miſerere* auditur in omni;
Quod pueri ingeminant, ingeminantque ſenes.
Lymphatis ſimiles diſcurrunt undique Nymphæ;
Occultæ in cellâ quâque precantur Anus.
Interea Aſtronomus, ſpeculâ Obſervator in altâ,
Rerum hæc ſecuro pectore monſtra videt:
Scilicet hæc longùm præſenſerat Ille futura:
In tantum diſtant Vulgus & Aſtronomus.

Innocens Prædatrix.

Edula per campos, nullo defeſſa labore,
In cellâ ut ſtipet mella, vagatur Apis:
Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes;
Herbula gramineis vix una innaſcitur agris,
Theſauri unde aliquid non ſtudioſa legit.
A flore ad florem tranſit, mollique volando
Delibat tactu ſuave quod intus habent.
Omnia delibat, parcè ſed & omnia, furti
Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium.
Omnia deguſtat tam parcè, ut gratia nulla
Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.
Non ita prædantur modicè bruchique & erucæ;
Non, iſta hortorum maxima peſtis, aves:
Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba roſtra
Deſpoliant agros effodiuntque ſata.

Succos immiſcens ſuccis, ita ſuaviter omnes
Temperat, ut dederit Chymia nulla pares.
Vix furtum eſt illud, dicive injuria debet,
Quod cerâ & multo melle rependit Apis.

Ignavum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent.

PER Batavûm plateas (ita, Gens operoſa, cavetis)
Mendicus nemo, nemo vagatur iners.
Non cæcus, non claudus iners; modo ſint tibi, claude,
Qui profint, oculi; ſint tibi, cæce, manus.
Non operum immunis puer eſt, non grandior ævo;
Sed ſua ſtant puero, ſtant ſua penſa ſeni.
O prudens hominum Reſpublica! Natio veſtra,
In terris uſquam ſi ſiet, Utopia eſt.

Paſſeres Indigenæ;

Coll. Trin. Cant.

Commenſales.

INcola qui nôrit ſedes, aut viſerit Hoſpes,
NEWTONI egregii quas celebravit Honos;
Viditque & meminit, lætus fortaſſe videndo,
Quàm multa ad menſas advolitârit avis.
Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,
Tecta per & forulos & tabulata ſtruat:
Ut coràm educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,
Et paſcat micis, quas det amica manus.
Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulſus
Convocat, haud epulis certior hoſpes adeſt.
Continuo, jucunda ſimul vox fertur ad aures,
Vicinos paſſer quiſque relinquit agros.
Hoſpitium ad notum properatur; & ordine ſtantes
Expectant panis fragmina quiſque ſua.
Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior aſſe
Sumptus per totam paſcit alitque diem.
Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quiſquam inviderit) aſſem
Indigenæ, hoſpitii jure, merentur aves.

EPITAPHIA.

HIC juxtà tumulatus eſt
Eximiæ ſpei adoleſcentulus
Honorabilis J. L. G.
Quem
Venuſtum obiiſſe & Innocentem,
Siquidem homo ſis, dolebis;
Sin ſupra humanitatem ſapis,
Lætabere.
Mortalia reliquit A. D. MDCCXXII.
Annum Ætatis agens duodecimum.

In Porticu Septentrionali
Fani Weſtmonaſterienſis.

H. S. E.
GULIELMUS DICKINSON Arm.
Architectus;
Qualis! ſuſpice.
Obiit 24°. die Januarij
A. D. 1724. Suæque Ætatis 54.

Magni

M Agni juxta Exuvias *Newtoni*
Voluit & ſuas jacere
JOHANNES WOODWARD, M. D.
Qui
Philoſophus eſſe & Chriſtianus;
Deumque, quem per omnia invenerat explorata,
Agnoſcere & venerari
Non gravatus eſt:
Terræque abdita & mirabilia
Curiosè ſed humiliter,
Piè ſed feliciter,
Perſcrutatus;
Ad Occultiorum Cognitionem,
Et ad Sublimiorum Theoriam
Admiſſus eſt
Et Contemplator & Particeps:
A. D. MDCCXXVIII,
Suæque Ætatis LXIII.

Clauſtro

Clauſtro Occidentali

Fani Weſtmonaſterienſis

DESTINATUM.

IV Die Aprilis, A. D. MDCCXXXVII,
Ineunte Ætatis anno viceſimo ſecundo,
Obiit
JONATHAN MARTIN;
Muſices à Puero feliciter ſtudioſus,
Et, vix dum adultus,
Organiſta in Sacellum Regium
cooptatus.
Hoc Arti ſcilicet, hoc Moribus,
Hoc Vitæ brevitati datum eſt,
Ut juvenis ſtatim excelleret,
Et fieret cito
Quod diu non erat futurus.

SUB

SUB hoc Marmore ſervatur
(Diuque ſervetur inviolabilis)
E. H.
Virgo

Venuſtatis tam raræ,
Et tam caſtæ Sanctitatis,
Ut nullum ſuis
Vel amandi viva, vel mortua lugendi
Statuerit modum.

QUOD tuos infra pedes
Neglectum nunc latet & conculcatum,
Aliquando fuit
M. R.
Omnium, quotquot uſpiam ſunt, Gratiarum
Ditiſſimus Theſaurus;
In illum diem,
Quo abditum quodque & quodque pretioſum
Iterum in Lucem evocabitur,
Summâ cum fide his conſervandus,

M . HIC

HIC propè ſepulta eſt
A. D.
Puellula rariſſimæ formæ;
Cui acceſſit
Verecunda Roſarum purpura
Caſtuſque Liliorum candor:
Acceſſit quidem,
Sed, ut humanæ breves ſunt deliciæ,
Exaruit ſtatim & evanuit,
Suaviſſimum ſui relinquens
Odorem & deſiderium:
Dum æterno vere donetur & efflorescat.

HIC infrà jacet,
E ſilentio & tenebris
In Lucis & Gloriæ transferenda Æternitatem,
Egregii Nominis Mulier
F. T.
Terris idcirco data & adempta,
Ut intelligerent Homines
Quo Virtus Amore
Amplectenda ſit incolumis,
Quâ Invidiâ
Quærenda ſit ſublata.

PAU-

PAUPER JOHANNES;

Poculum ſic dictum:

Coll. Trin. Cant.

Dono datum.

INſignis famâ Scyphus eſt, & ſplendidus uſu,
Qui ſuum ab inſcripto * carmine Nomen habet,
Nocturnus ſtudiis ſæpe ille adjutor, alumnus
Cùm ſolus fruitur ſe fruiturque libris:
Nec comes ingratus, pætum cum leniter haurit,
Et reficit ſeſe lentus odore tubi.
At non immodicos potanti ſufficit hauſtus;
Menſurâ cyathos vix ſuperante duos.
Quanquam nec titulos, & avita inſignia præfert,
Nec quid paupertas ambitionis habet;

* *Inſcribitur poculo hoc Diſtichon*;
Pauper Johannes, *dictus cognomine* Clarkſon,
Hunc Cyathum dono gratuitoque dedit.

Nec *Barringtonio* ſimiles oſtentat honores,
Criſtamque & Scutum, * Sanguineamque manum:
Atqui animi memoris, gratique eſt pectoris index;
Eſt etiam in parvo munere dantis amor.
Nomina cùm majora Scyphis exederit ætas,
Nec diſtincta ſuis nec memoranda notis:
Pauper Johannes ſeris teſtabitur annis,
Verſu, quem ſimplex ſed pia Muſa canit;
Non eſſe Argenti pondus, quod dona; ſed eſſe
Donantis mentem, quæ pretioſa facit.

* *Inſigne Baronetti.*

Sella Pacifica.

UTilis eſt Cathedra, & multo ſuperimminet amni,
Rerum, ubi naſcuntur jurgia, certa ſalus;
Effrænem cohibet quæ linguam, & temperat iras,
Nec ſinit, ut Ratio deſerat imperium.
In quâ *Xantippe* quæcunque immergitur undis
Ter quater, innocuâ mitior exit ove.
Nec quidquam irarum reminiſcitur illa; furoris
Tam cito defervet vis, animique cadunt.
Quid docet hæc Sella, attentè perpenderis; & nil
Socraticam dices par docuiſſe Scholam.

Epilogus ad Eunuchum.

ECCE! adſum miles veteranus-inutilis armis,
Sed Regi & Patriæ fidus, ut uſque, meæ:
Quem magis aurati rutilo fulgore galeri
Commendat validum cor, lepidumque caput:
Quem *Mars* truncavit—ſed cui *Chelſeia* rependit
Et mutilos artus & mihi quicquid abeſt.
Pars ego parva mei—ſed ſum πλέον ἥμισυ παντός;
Sanctior eſt ſalvâ parva tabella rate.
Lumine ſuffoſſo luſcus; ſed & *Hannibal* ipſe,
Quem Roma horrebat, ſic oculatus erat.
Uno crure minor, ſed crure ſuperſtite in altum,
Altiùs ut nemo, ſubſiluiſſe valens.
Nec fractis vel adhuc animis; ſed ſtrenuus illâ,
Quæ ſupereſt, audax intrepiduſque manu.
Quid vero his majus dabit iſte domeſticus Heros?
Quid ſimile his miles ſcenicus iſte *Thraſo*?
Illius in plumis tunicâque eſt unica virtus;
Omnis in illæſo corpore conſtat honor.

Pulchrior in pannis me gloria veſtit; & hoc Crus,
Hæc Manus, hic Oculus, duplicis inſtar erit.
Quo me excepiſtis, vos O! dimittite plauſu;
Et mihi felicem plauſero militiam.

Defendit Numerus.

B

Landior indulſit, Felis, tibi Parca; novenâ
Nam tibi net Lacheſis fila novena colo,
Hinc, ſi miſſa voles celſi de culmine tecti,
Decidis in tutos præcipitata pedes.
Nec, miſeram licèt infeſtent laniique caneſque,
Te Lanii exanimant, exanimantve canes.
Si moriare ſemel, ſi bis, ſi terve, quaterve,
Pluſquam dimidiâ parte ſuperſtes eris.

Uſus Quadrigarum.

IN curru conduco locum, viſurus amicum,
Millia qui decies diſtat ab urbe novem.
Impatiens Auriga moræ nos urget, &, hora
Cùm nondum ſonuit tertia, jungit equos.
Vix experrectus, media inter ſomnia, ſurgo,
Per longum miſerè diſcutiendus iter.
Ingredior, ſedeo; cubitumque coarctor utrumque;
Atque duas pingues comprimor inter anus.
Cum matre e contrà puer eſt, mileſque protervus;
Diſtento hos inter corpore Caupo ſedet.
Nec vix illuxit, quin hinc agitamur & illinc,
Aſpera quà ducit, quà ſalebroſa via.
Altera tuſſit anus, rixatur & altera; jurat
Miles, ζογκίζει caupo, vomitque puer.
Dulce ſodalitium! ſi ſint hæc uſque Quadrigis
Commoda, maluerim longiùs ire pedes.

Perveniri ad Summum niſi ex Principiis non poteſt.

NEWTONUM ingentem, Lumen non unius ævi,
A. B. quæ docuit prima, Magiſtra fuit.
Doctior Ille ſtatim Vetulâ, cito ſenſit inani
Quiddam his literulis majus ineſſe ſono.
Protinus egregios Elementis repperit Uſus;
Uſus, quos nunquam conjiciebat anus.
Notoſque ignotis numeros conferre peritus,
Inde poteſtates format utriſque datas.
Laudo tamen Vetulæ præcepta ea primula, quæque
Newtoni haud dubitem dicere *Principia*.

Spe Finis.

AD dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque reditque,
Deprenſum in laqueo quem Labyrinthus habet.
Et legit & relegit greſſus, ſeſe explicet unde,
Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.
Sta modo, reſpira paulum, ſimul accipe filum;
Certius & melius non Ariadne dabit.
Sic te, ſic ſolum, expedies errore: viarum
Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.

Quod

Quod tibi vis, id alteri & tu feceris.

OFficioſa ſenem, ſuccincta, & ſedula (fingit
Sic tabula *Heemſkirkî* ludicrâ) tondet anus.
Inque vices (idem ſic ludit amabile Pictor)
Æquâ tondet anum conditione ſenex.
Cùm vetulus ſit uterque, & ſit barbatus uterque,
Fas eſt, alterius poſcat ut alter opem.

Conſule, quid valeant humeri.

RObuſtis fert mundum humeris, & pondere curvus
Sudat, & ingenti mole laborat Atlas.
Quos nervos, quam cervicem, quæ brachia, crurum
Quàm validos nexus tam grave poſcit onus!
O cautè incedas; minimus nam ſi tibi lapſus
Offendat greſſus, Omnia corruimus.

Obſunt Authoribus Artes.

INſtrumenta necis, quæ nitrum & ſulphura miſcet,
In flammam igneſcit, ſubruiturque mola.
Cuncta volant, lacerique artus & ſaxa trabeſque,
Et diſtans ſubito fulmine terra tremit.
Triſte genus lethi! ſed quo, ſi funere tali
Dignus erat quiſquam, dignus & Author erat.

Optimum eſt Convivium,

In quod Choraules non venit.

MAgna inſtauravit Macedo convivia victor,
Adjuvit feſtas & Citharista dapes:
Heroum cecinit ſimul ille ingentia facta
Argivûm, in Perſis qui cecidêre plagis:
Exarſit juvenis, dederat quas Muſicus, iris;
Nec longùm, exclamat, Victor inultus ero.
Et triſte ô facinus! *Perſepolis* illa venuſta
Urbs fuit, æquavit quam Citharœdus humo.

—Minorem

Ne lædas, cave.

COrporis exigui, ſed magni eſt Nominis Author,
Quem vexat ſcriptis non ita parva manus.
Ille diu tacitus, ſed non perterritus, iram
Ingenti tectam pectore diſſimulat.
Ex improviſo cùm tandem *Duncias* exit;
Bilem habet & totus, fel, aloenque, liber:
Dixerit ut monitus quivis, læſiſſe Gigantem
Tutius, exiguum quàm tetigiſſe Virum.

Nulli

Nulli te facias nimis ſodalem.

PAlpat heram felis, gremio recubans in anili;
Quam ſemel atque iterum Lydia palpat hera.
Ludum lis ſequitur; nam totos exerit ungues,
Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.
Continuo exardens gremio muliercula felem
Nec gravibus multis excutit abſque minis.
Quod tamen haud æquum eſt—Si vult cum fele jocari,
Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum.

Ut vivas, vigila.

CUI Mors eſt Lucrum, cui Mors eſt Janua Vitæ,
Triſtia qui curat funera, triſtis homo eſt:
Diſcurrit totam venaticus Ille per urbem,
Ille quis ægrotat, quis moriturque, rogat.
Curre, Puer, ſonuitne, roga, Campana? feneſtra,
Indicium mortis, quæ ſit aperta, vide.
Alter enim, ſatagas ni ſic vigilare, cadaver,
Qui mihi præripiet, Vultur, & alter erit.

Tempore

Tempore nil facias alieno.

AD modulum capitis ſe Flavia criſpat ovini,
Et collum ad medios nudat anile ſinus.
Iſta parum proſunt: nullâ celabitur arte,
Quæ vetulum infecit cana ſenecta caput.
Nec bene conveniet rugis adſumere nugas,
Quas nuribus noſtris Gallia vana dedit.
Quod ſis, eſſe velis; & cùm revocare juventam,
Flavia, non poteris, ſis patienter anus.

———Τὸ μελαξὺ μεριμνῶ,
Πῶς ἅμα σοι κλαύσω, ὡς ἅμα σοι γελάσω.

IN tabulis binos fratres perſæpe videre eſt,
Utrumque, ut tradit fama vetuſta, ſenem.
Hic ſeſe in riſum, patulo ſine dentibus ore,
Solvit, & humanas res facit eſſe jocum:
In lachrymas fuſus, vultuque heu! tetricus Ille
Rebus in humanis nil niſi triſte videt.
Ridenti aut flenti credis? ſi credis utrique,
Sunt res humanæ *flebile ludibrium*.

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Ut vivas, vigila. *ibid.*
Tempore nil facias alieno. 252
—Τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ, Πῶς ἅμα σοι κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοι γελάσω. *ibid.*

FINIS.